



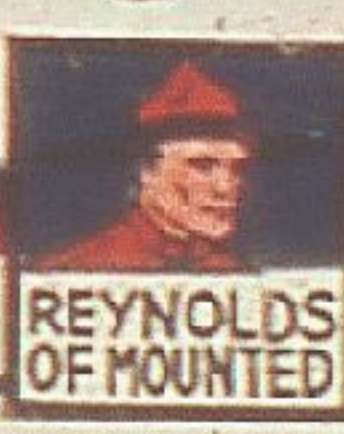
CAPTAIN FORTUNE



JANE ARDEN



NED BRANT



REYNOLDS OF MOUNTED



JOE PALOOKA



BIG TOP



RANCE KEANE

FEATURE

COMICS

APRIL

No. 31

10c



THE DOLL MAN



LALA PALOOZA



THE CLOCK



SPIN SHAW



LADIES!

WOULD YOU LIKE
TO PUT YOUR
HEAD ON

THIS
FIGURE?~ THEN
EXERCISE AT
UNCLE PHIL'S
GYM!

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THE DOLLMAN

by
WILLIAM ERWIN MAXWELL



AIDED BY A SECRET FORMULA WHICH CAN REDUCE HIM TO DOLL SIZE, DARREL DANE CHALLENGES THE UNDERWORLD AS THE DOLLMAN!

IN A PARK, IN THE CENTRAL PART OF THE CITY.....



HELLO MR. DANE,
DID YOU SEE MY
NEW LONG-WING
JOB?

HELLO TIM,
BOY, THAT
TOY IS A
BEAUTY!



IT'S NOT A TOY! IT'S GOT
A TWO-CYLINDER MOTOR,
AND CAN FLY LIKE A REAL
PLANE..I MADE IT TOO...



GOOD FOR YOU, TIM!! I'M
GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE
CREATIVE IDEAS!

SO LONG,
MR. DANE!



WHEN DARREL ARRIVES AT THE
ROBERTS LABORATORY, HE IS
GREETED BY HIS FIANCEE...

THERE'S A
GENTLEMAN
TO SEE YOU,
DARREL.

WHERE
IS HE,
MARTHA?



HE'S IN THE LIBRARY
WITH DAD..



COME IN, DARREL...THIS
IS MR. GRIFFIN--HE
HAS A MOST PECULIAR
STORY..I'M SURE THAT
YOU'D BE INTERESTED..



GENTLEMEN, I MANAGE A
SMALL HOTEL AND MOST
OF MY LODGERS ARE
DIAMOND SALESMEN--
RECENT EVENTS MAKE
ME BELIEVE MY HOUSE
IS CURSED..I FACE RUIN!



THE TROUBLE LIES IN ONE
ROOM..IF ON ANY SUNDAY
NIGHT THAT ROOM IS USED,
THE OCCUPANT IS FOUND
DEAD NEXT DAY, HANGING
FROM A BEAM..THE
POLICE CALL IT SUICIDE,
BUT IT HAS HAPPENED
SO OFTEN!!...

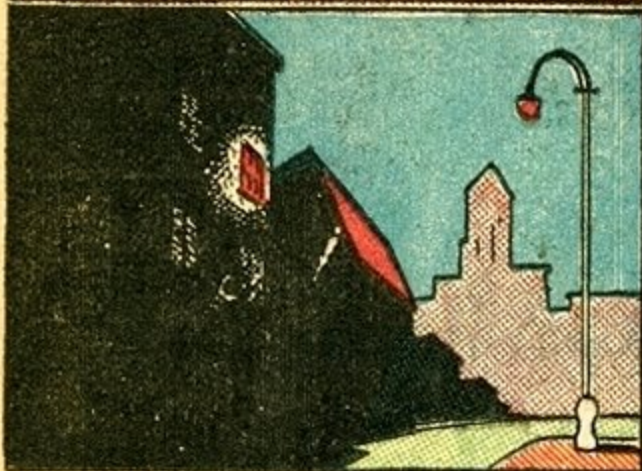


I AM AT
MY WITS
END!

HMM..INTERESTING
INDEED..TODAY IS
SUNDAY...MR.
GRIFFIN,I'M STAYING
IN YOUR 'DEATH
ROOM' TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE HOTEL, A LONE LIGHT GLEAMS FROM THE DUSTY WINDOW OF THE DEATH ROOM.



INSIDE, DARREL DANE PREPARES TO SPEND THE NIGHT.



SHORTLY HE PUTS OUT THE LIGHT, AND QUICKLY HE REDUCES HIS STATURE TO THE SIZE OF A DOLL. THE MOONLIGHT REVEALS HIM. THE DOLLMAN!!!



HOURS PASS IN SILENCE. THEN.

A HISS!! THERE'S GAS BEING FORCED INTO THE ROOM.. I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!! (CHOKE) (COUGH)



WHAT THE!! I CAN'T MOVE! THE GAS HAS PARALYZED MY BODY!!



SUDDENLY A PANEL IN THE WALL LIFTS, AND A GHOULISH CREATURE STEPS OUT, A NOOSE IN HIS HAND.



HA, HA, HA! ANOTHER MOMENT, ANOTHER VICTIM! AND AWAY WITH THE DIAMONDS.. THIS IS EASY!!



!!*oo!! THERE'S NO ONE HERE... BUT THERE MUST BE, CONFOUND IT! I KNOW SOMEONE CAME IN!



HAH. THIS MAY BE A TRAP! I MUST GET OUT OF HERE!



THE WEIRD HUNCHBACK SLIPS BEHIND A SLIDING PANEL, AND DISAPPEARS INTO A SECRET PASSAGE.



IN THE ROOM, THE DOLLMAN STRUGGLES TO PURSUE. BUT HE MUST WAIT UNTIL THE EFFECTS OF THE GAS LEAVE HIM.



HE'S GETTING AWAY.. UGH.. A-AT LAST.. IT'S WEARING OFF..

AN INSTANT LATER HE IS OFF IN HOT PURSUIT, DOWN THE NARROW BLACK SECRET TUNNEL.



GRIMLY, THE DOLLMAN RACES DOWN A LOW TUNNEL... MEMORIZING EVERY STEP AND TURN..

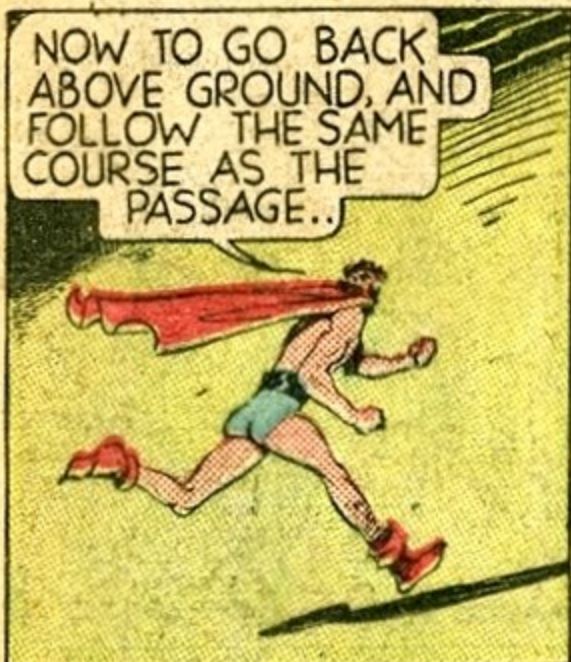


OH! OH! A STEEL DOOR!! HE'S ESCAPED ME, BUT NOT FOR LONG!



I FEEL I'VE BEEN FOLLOWED.. BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.. HEH, HEH!

NOW TO GO BACK ABOVE GROUND, AND FOLLOW THE SAME COURSE AS THE PASSAGE..



SO! THE TUNNEL LEADS TO THE OLD GRIMES ESTATE! I'VE HEARD OF THIS STRANGE RECLUSE-- AFRAID OF PEOPLE... HIGH VOLTAGE WIRES ON TOP OF THE WALL SURROUNDING HIS HOUSE!



I'VE GOT TO GET OVER THAT WALL, AND I KNOW JUST THE WAY!



I CAN'T GET PERMISSION...



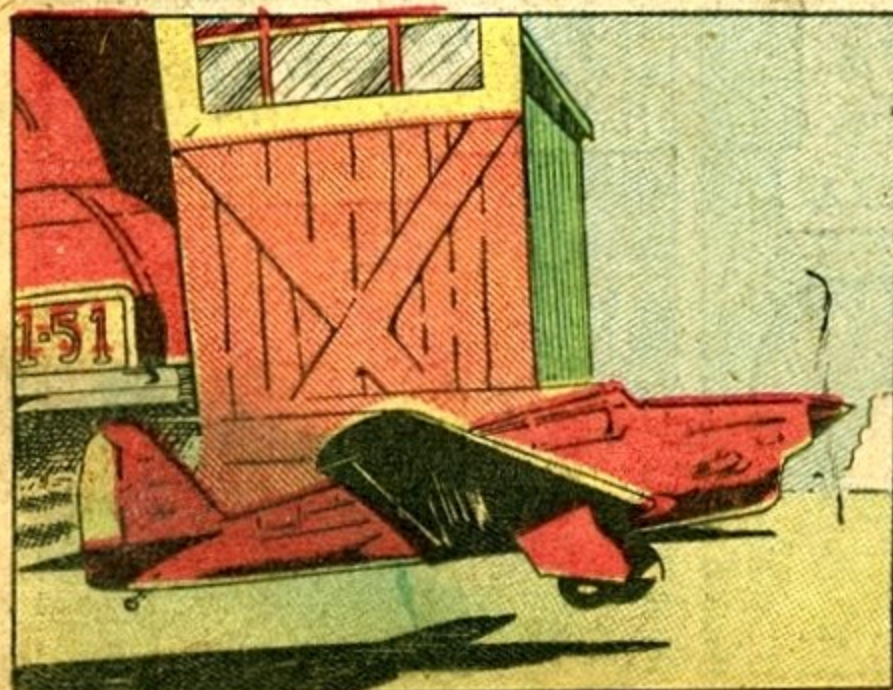
BUT I KNOW TIMMY SMITH WON'T MIND.....



IF I BORROW HIS PLANE!!



AH.. THERE'S THE PLACE... THE LAWN SHOULD MAKE A FINE RUNWAY!!



MEANWHILE, IN A DARK ROOM OF THE HOUSE, OLD GRIMES GLOATS OVER HIS BLOOD-STAINED TREASURES.

AH! MY BEAUTIFUL DIAMONDS!



YOU'VE COMMITTED YOUR LAST CRIME GRIMES!

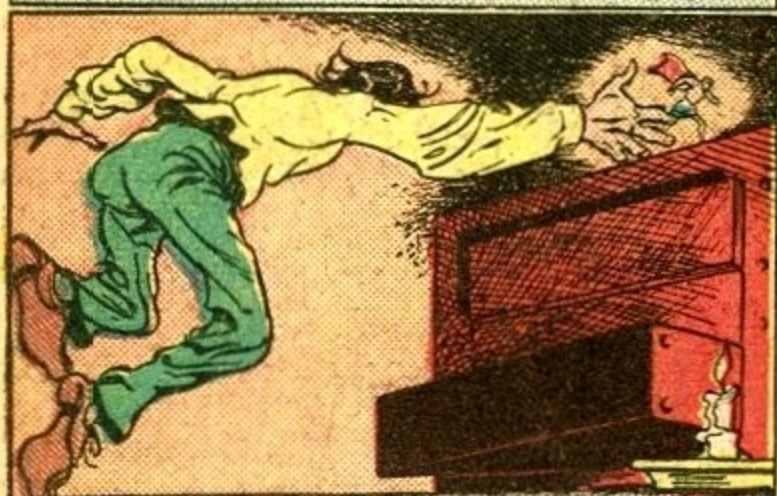
WHO SAID THAT?!



SO-IT WAS YOU! A-A DWARF...YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE TO TELL ON ME!



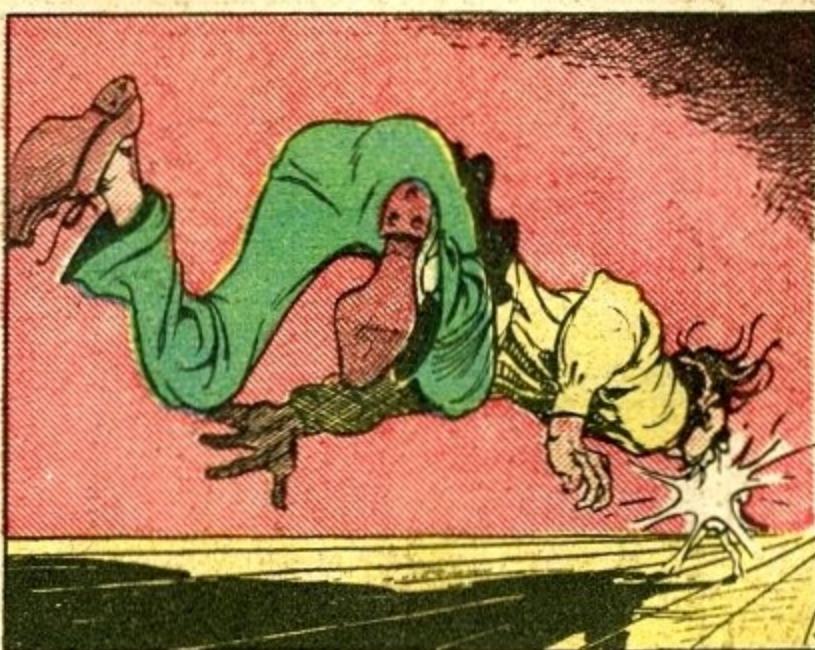
WHIPPING OUT A SINEWY HAND, GRIMES GRASPS THE DOLLMAN AND SQUEEZES.....



WITH A DESPERATE EFFORT THE DOLLMAN BREAKS FROM THE CRUSHING GRASP.



IF YOU WANT TO GET ROUGH, I CAN BE THAT WAY TOO!



THERE! NOW YOU'LL GO TO JAIL PEACEFULLY!

THE NEXT DAY, AT DR. ROBERTS' HOME.....

THE MAN WAS OBVIOUSLY INSANE!

YES, HE'LL BE CONFINED FOR LIFE... PARDON ME... THERE'S THE PHONE!



HELLO, MR. DANE? THIS IS TIM... SOMEONE TOOK MY MODEL AIRPLANE LAST NIGHT, BUT BROUGHT IT BACK WITH A TEN DOLLAR BILL IN IT! GOLLY!



IS THAT RIGHT? WELL, WELL... MY APOLOGIES FOR CALLING IT A TOY, TIM... IT SURE IS THE REAL THING!



RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

BRAIN DERBY
PRIZE FIGHTING TEST...
WHY IS A FIGHTER SO MEAN
WITH HIS OPPONENT AND SO
GOOD TO HIS MOTHER?
IS A CAULIFLOWER EAR
ANIMAL, MINERAL OR
VEGETABLE?
WHAT DOES A FIGHTER
DO TO SCORE A GOAL?

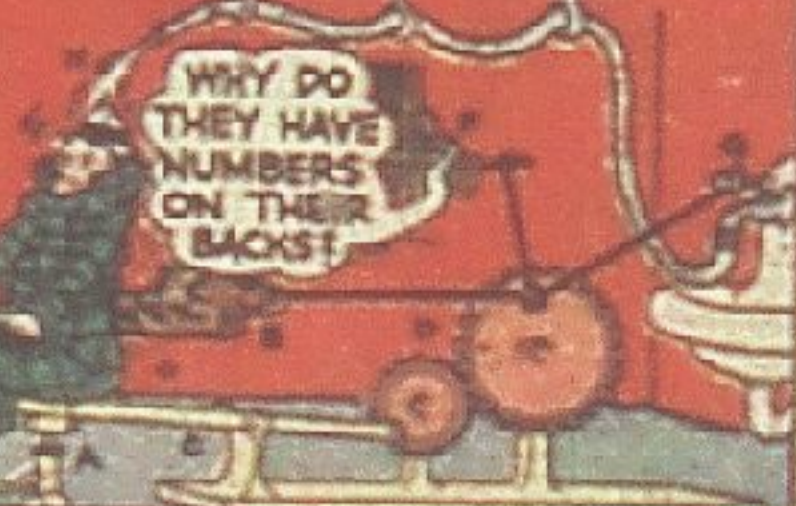


OUR SPECIAL INVENTION
OR MAKING A FOOTBALL GAME
SEEM REAL ON THE RADIO...
AS YOU SIT HEAR RADIO, BANG
PUMP 'A' BLOWS UP RUBBER
FOOTBALL, FAN 'B' WHO BLOCKS
YOUR VIEW... YOUR SEAT TURNS
COIN... CAUSING FAN'S BIG FEET
TO POKE YOUR BACK... THIS
STARTS RECORD OF WOMAN'S
VOICE ASKING SILLY QUESTIONS
ABOUT GAME... IT ALSO OPENS
WATER FAUCET 'C' WHICH
MAKES RAIN 'D' SO IT ALL
SEEMS LIKE A REAL GAME...

OH!!--THE GREAT
MCSNERF HAS
THE BALL...
HE'S IN
THE CLEAR...



WHY DO
THEY HAVE
NUMBERS
ON THEIR
BACKS?



LITTLE BUTCH

BARK!

BOO HOO!
MY HUSBAND
CAN'T AFFORD
TO BUY ME
A NEW HAT!



NIBBITY



BOO HOO!

MY DEAR--
WHAT A
SMART
HAT
YOU
HAVE!



NIBBITY
THAT'S
ME!



CRACKPOT
COLLEGE

KLAFMIRE NEVER
MISSES A GOAL IF
SHULTZ GOES ALONG
WITH THE BALL
LIKE THAT!



WE'RE OVER!

WHO MIXED UP THE X-RAY
PICTURES? THIS GUY'S
FLOATING RIB HAS
ALREADY BEEN
ANCHORED!



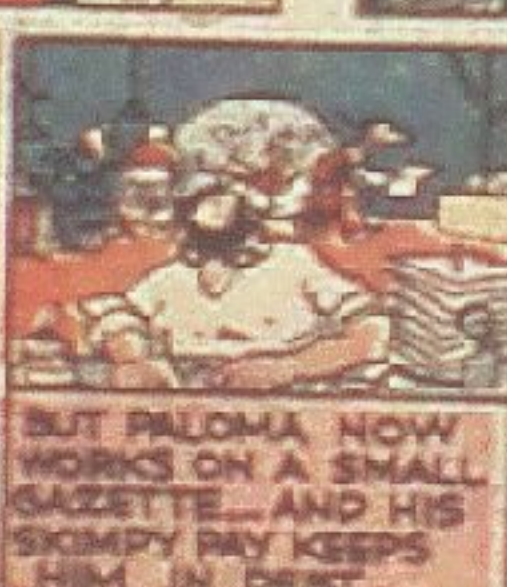
BLAME
IT ON
WILBUR



CICERO HACKNEY
CARSTAIRS PALOMA,
FROM A SCHOOL OF
WRITING... HE GOT A
DIPLOMA...



WHILE 'HOSSEY' PRY
ON BOOKS DID NOT
LABOR... HE SPIED
AND SPIED ON HIS
NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR...



BUT PALOMA NOW
WORKS ON A SMALL
GAZETTE... AND HIS
SKIMPY PAY KEEPS
HIM IN DEBT...



FLASH-FLASH--LOOKS
LIKE SNOW IS NOW
COMING DOWN--BUT
IT CAN'T
GO UP
NA-
HA!

WHILE PRY'S GOSSIP
IS READ EVERYWHERE,
AND HE MAKES A PILE
WITH GAB ON THE AIR!

JANE ARDEN

AS JANE AND SUE SPEND THEIR VACATION AT BOUNTY LAKE...

SUE, YOUR BOY FRIEND JIM TRIED TO GET FRIENDLY WITH ME TODAY!

DON'T KID ME, JANE!

BUT THAT'S THE SORT OF MAN HE IS—

WELL, HE TOLD ME YOU FLURTED WITH HIM!

...AND HIS WORD IS AS GOOD AS YOURS!

HMM—SO HE SAID THAT ABOUT ME!

I THINK I'VE SEEN THAT FALSE ALARM BEFORE, SUE!

YOU'RE JEALOUS! YOU DON'T GET HIM FIRST!

DON'T BE SO SURE!

SUE NEEDS A LESSON, AND I'M GOING TO GIVE IT...

CLARENCE—WHEN SUE LOOKS FOR JIM, SAY HE'S ON THE TERRACE...

OKAY, JANE—I'LL DO THAT!

WHY JANE! RIGHT NOW YOU'RE THE ONLY WOMAN I'D CARE TO SEE!

WELL—WELL—HELLO THERE, JIM!

HONEST, JANE! I'VE WANTED TO SEE YOU ALONE!

JIM!! YOU THRILL ME!

COME—WE'LL GO OUT ON THE TERRACE WHERE I CAN SPEAK MY THOUGHTS!

YES... I'M SURE WE'D BE ALONE THERE.

OH JANE... YOU'RE THE ONLY GIRL FOR ME!

OH SUE!! DO YOU HEAR THAT? NOW—DID I LIE TO YOU??

THE MOUNTAIN FOLK SEIZE A FEDERAL MAN WHO BROUGHT RES PERKINS'S RELIEF CHECK.

CHAWN—WRITE UP MORE OF 'EM LIL CHECK SLIPS!

WELL—IF YOU INSIST...

YES... I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN READ IN THESE HILLS!

HMM—SO THEY WANT CHECKS, TOO, EH?

THANKS FER WRITIN' 'EM, MISTER—NOW I'LL WIKS TTHE BANK AN' FETCH TH' MONEY!

HOL' ON! WHUT DO THST CHECK SAY, LENA T?

OH!! IT SAYS, 'HELP. I'M BEING HELD A PRISONER!'

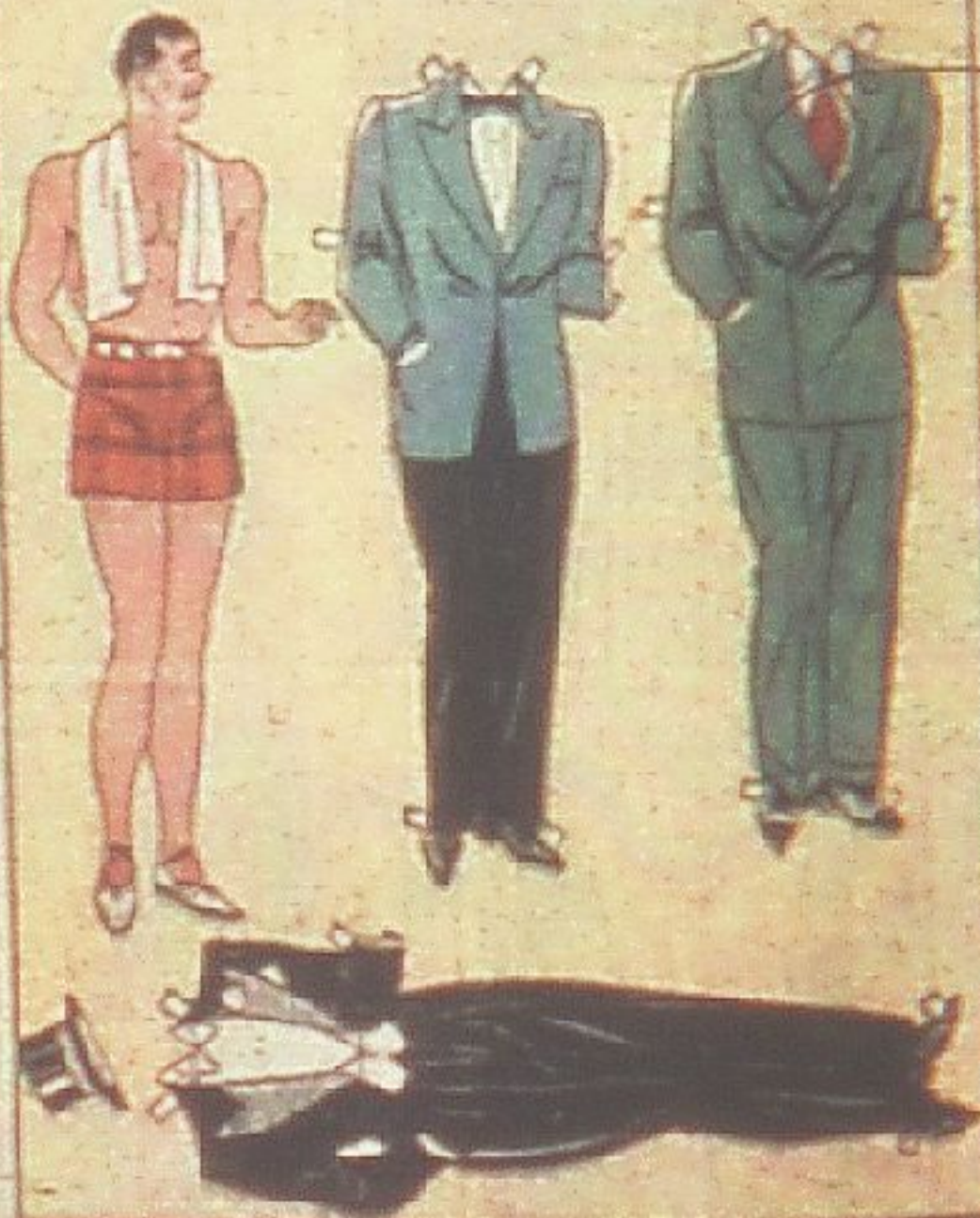
SARKES!! THEY MIGHT THINK WE WANT A RANSOM TOO!

WHUT ARE A RANSOM?

WHY—IT'S YMEAN MONEY THEY PRY FOR A PERSON TO BE LET GO!

THEY'LL BUY TH' CRITTER BACK?

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE FOR MEN



JANE ARDEN

By Marie Apper and Russell E. Ross

JANE, I STILL DON'T THINK JIM CARES FOR YOU!

NOT WELL IT TAKES YOU A LONG TIME TO WAKE UP, SUE!

I TRIED TO PROVE TO YOU THAT HE'S FALSE!

FORGET IT AND COME DOWN TO DINNER!

OH--STOP TRYING TO MAKE UP WITH ME! I'LL EAT ALONE TOO--THANKS!

GOSH, JANE--WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG WITH SUE!

OH--SUE'S A BIT SORE AT ME CLARENCE!

WHY--SUE AND JIM ARE AT DIFFERENT TABLES!

YES--THEY CAN'T DECIDE TO BE FRIENDS!

HMM! I GUESS JANE IS AMUSED AT HOW JIM IS TREATING ME!

AND IT WAS ALL JANE'S FAULT MAKING JIM FLIRT AND LOOK SO SILLY--IF HE'D ONLY SPEAK TO ME!

I MUST DO SOMETHING!

THIS FAKE FALL IN THE LAKE WILL DO IT!

OH! HELP!

DON'T FRET CLARENCE--SHE CAN SWIM!!

HA-HA! CLARENCE IS REALLY 'SAVING' SUE!

WHAT? YOU HAD NERVE TO TRY TO SAVE ME! OH!

IT DIDN'T WORK!

GOOD BYE!

YEP! YER A PESKY GOV'MENT FELLA--AN' SINCE WE GOT YO' NOW WE'LL ASK FER SOME OF THET RANSOM BIZNESS!

BUT HE AINT RICH--HE CANT PAY RANSOM MONEY!

THAT'S THE TRUTH MEN!

AH DON'T THINK HE'S POOR--LOOKA THEM STORE DUDS--AN' FANCY LOW SHOES!

BUT I HAVE A BIG FAMILY TO SUPPORT TOO!

HOW MANY D'YA HAVE?

SIX!

HAW-HAW! THAT'S SMALL!

C'MAWN--SHOW I WAL--WE AINT IM A REAL FAMILY LIZZY!

ALL HERE--BUT ONLY FIVE IS MISSIN'!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

JANE ARDEN



HMM--
MY FINE
FRIEND
JANE!



SHE
MADE
SUE
HATE
ME...
BUT
I'LL
GET EVEN
WITH HER...
THAT SIGN!!
WHY-IT MIGHT



NOW-TO
GET THIS
ON JANE'S
DOOR--
THEN
I'LL
SIT
BACK
AND
LAUGH!



OH YES... A
STENO-
GRAPHER
IS ON THE
SECOND
FLOOR!

THANKS
I THOUGHT
I WOULDN'T
FIND ANY...



HM. THAT
MAN
SAID I
SHOULD
WALK
RIGHT IN



三



W-WHY--
THAT'S A
VERY FUNNY
OFFICE I
MUST SAY.



**BUT- I
WANT A
LETTER
TYPED**

YOU'RE
A STENO-
GRAPHER
AREN'T
YOU?

CERTAINLY
I AM NOT!



THEN TAKE
THE SIGN OFF
YOUR
DOOR



HA-HA
ARE
YOU A
TYPIST?

NO,
SMARTY
I'M THE
FIFTH
WHEEL OF
AN OLD
WAGON!



BUT-IF YOU LET ME GO
I'LL SEND
YOU THE
RANSOM.

NOPE!
WE AIN'T
GETTIN' YA
TIL WE
GOT MONEY!



THA'S RIGHT! WAIT.
HE MIGHT I MAY
SKEEDADOLE HAVE
AN' NOT PAY MONEY
US! WITH ME

WAIT
I MAY
HAVE
MONEY
WITH ME



HA-- OH! HERE-- I'LL
HA-- GIVE YOU THESE
I'LL GREENBACKS--
GIVE SEE?
THESE
FOOLS
THESE
CISAR
COUPON
SLIPS

WE DON'T WANT PAPER



ANYWAY-
THESE ARE
ONLY CIGAR
COUPONS,
BOYS!



BUT AIN'T
THEY NICE!

T) WOW!
 CE! AH ALWEEZ
 WANTED
 (SOME O' THESE

STRANGER—WE IS
SORRY WE WUZ
NASTY. AN' THANKS
FER TH' COUPONS!

JAHE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by HENRY DAVENPORT and RUSSELL E. ROSS

AS JANE REALIZES THE CAUSE FOR HER BEING ANNOYED BY VISITORS



SO JIM WAS MAD AND PUT THIS ON MY DOOR! HMM...

JIM'S FACE IS SO FAMILIAR AND CLARENCE SAYS HE DIDN'T HAVE A MUSTACHE BEFORE THIS YEAR!



THERE'S SOMETHING VERY FALSE ABOUT HIM... I'LL FIND OUT...

I'LL PULL A LITTLE TEST ON JIM.. IF HE REALLY IS OKAY HE WON'T NOTICE MY TRICK!



CLARENCE-- DO YOU KNOW THAT STRANGE MAN AT THE DESK?



NO, JANE-- I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE...



WHY-- IT'S COLLIER-- THE GREAT DETECTIVE.. I WONDER...



Y'DONT SAY!



HE MUST BE AFTER SOMEONE...



HE SIGNED THE BOOK AS J.E. WILKES!



SURE SO HE WON'T BE KNOWN!



HMM... I THINK MY TEST WORKED SWELL!

JANE-- WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU SAYING TO YOURSELF?



WOW!! IT'S LUCKY I HEARD WHAT JANE SAID... I'M LEAVING HERE QUICK!

CONTINUED

HUSH YO' MOUTH GAL-- AN' GIT THEM CHORES DID!



GAL'S SPOIL IF THEY AINT BUSY

WORK-WORK!! THAT'S ALL THEY THINK US WOMEN SHOULD DO! BUT NOT THE MEN...



OH NO!!

SOME DAY US WOMEN WILL TURN... THEN THEY BETTER LOOK OUT!



WAL-- PAW SEZ THAT HARD WORK IS FER HOSSES... AN' LIGHT CHORES FER WOMEN. CUZ WE AINT SO STRONG!



WHY-- THERE ARE PLACES WHERE THE WOMEN JUST KEEP HOUSE



YOU MUST MEAN HEAVEN, DON'T YA?

NO! BUT I MEAN THAT'S HOW IT SHOULD BE RIGHT HERE... US WOMEN OUGHTA GO OUT ON STRIKE!



JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



Buy FEATURE COMICS each month from your regular newsdealer.

Captain Fortune

by
VERNON
HENKEL



THE GOOD SHIP "REVENGE"
PLAWS THROUGH THE NORTH
ATLANTIC, BOUND FOR
ENGLAND...



WHY DO
WE GO TO
ENGLAND,
FORTUNE?

A LETTER FROM
MY FRIEND, THE
EARL OF ESSEX,
TELLS ME HE IS
IN DANGER...



LATER...AS THE REVENGE
DOCKS AT LONDON....



ALL OF THE CREW GO TO
BALOWAR, IN ESSEX. KEEP
YOUR EYES OPEN... AND YOUR
TONGUES STILL!

Aye, Sir!



WHY DIDN'T
WE GO WITH
OUR CREW,
FORTUNE?

WE MAY
LEARN
SOMETHING
IN LONDON!



ROUNDING A CORNER, CAPTAIN
FORTUNE AND HIS FIRST
OFFICER, WILL KENTSHIRE
SEE...

HURRY, WE HAVEN'T
THE WHOLE DAY TO
WASTE!



THOSE BRIGANDS
ARE HOLDING THAT
GIRL BY FORCE,
KENTSHIRE!



YOU HAVE THE
GIRL... BUT IT
WILL PROVE
COSTLY...
MEDDLING
FOOLS!!



WHAT IS THIS
ALL ABOUT,
MY LADY?

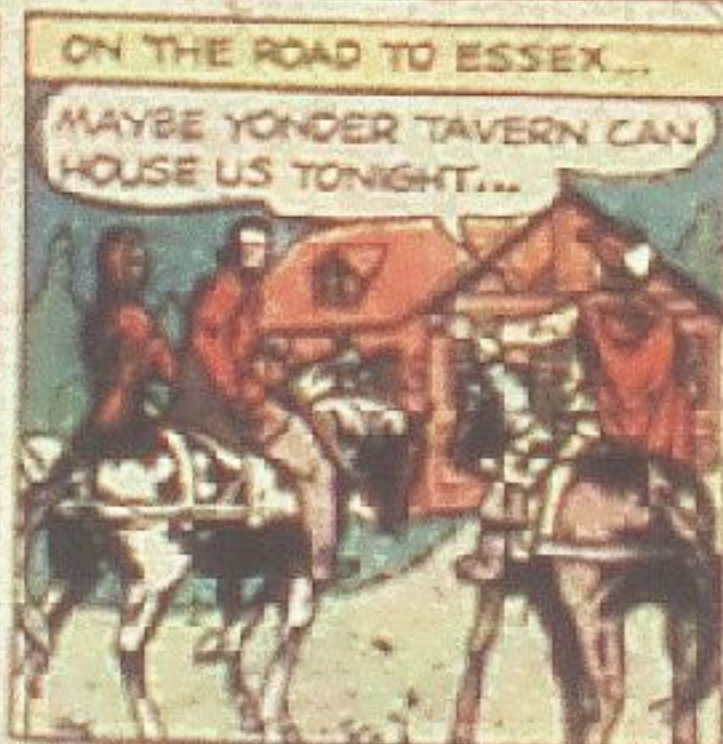
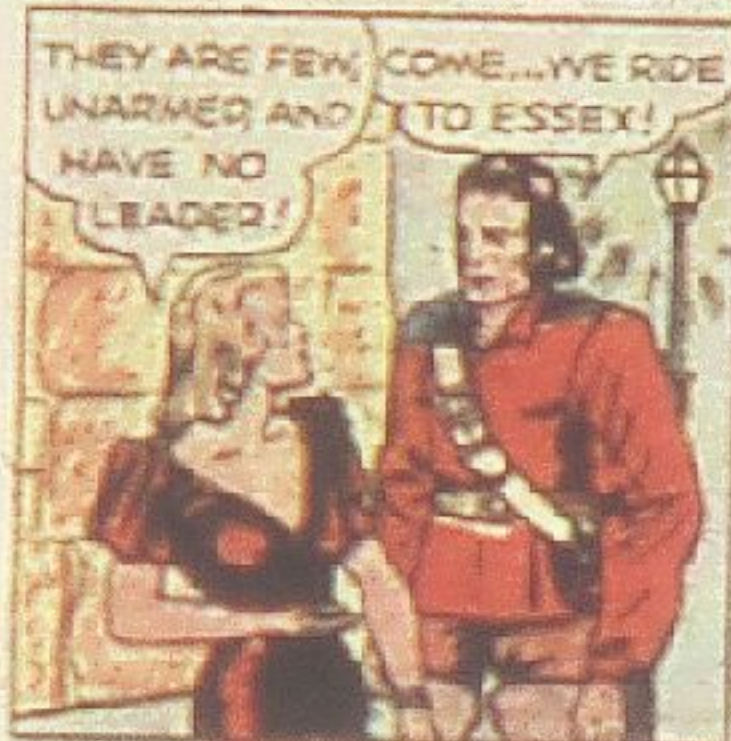
DUKE EDWARD
OF KENT TRED
TO KIDNAP ME...
THEY WERE
HIS MEN...
OWH-I'M
AFRAID!



THE DUKE HOLDS MY FATHER
PRISONER TO FORCE A
MARRIAGE WITH ME. I WAS
FLEEING TO WHEN HIS MEN
CAUGHT
ME!



LATER...



AT BALOMAR CASTLE...

LOWER THE BRIDGE, GUARD...
I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR
DUKE EDWARD!



WHILE WITHIN THE CASTLE...

LADY ESSEX LEADS AN
ARMED MOB AGAINST
THIS CASTLE, DUKE!!



...THEY ARE APPROACHING
FROM THE **SOUTH**

ROAD!

TO YOUR
HORSES,
MEN!



AND THE
DUKE'S MEN
THUNDER
OUT...



IN A SMALL FOREST NEAR
BALOMAR...

THEY'RE GONE... WE
ATTACK, KENTSHIRE!

AYE!



FORWARD, MEN!
STRIKE FOR ESSEX!



AS CAPTAIN FORTUNE REACHES
THE DRAWBRIDGE, IT
RAISES... HE LEADS...



WITH THE GUARDS OVER-
POWERED, FORTUNE RELEASES
THE DRAWBRIDGE TO HIS MEN...



CHARGE! BUT TAKE THE
WOMAN ALIVE!



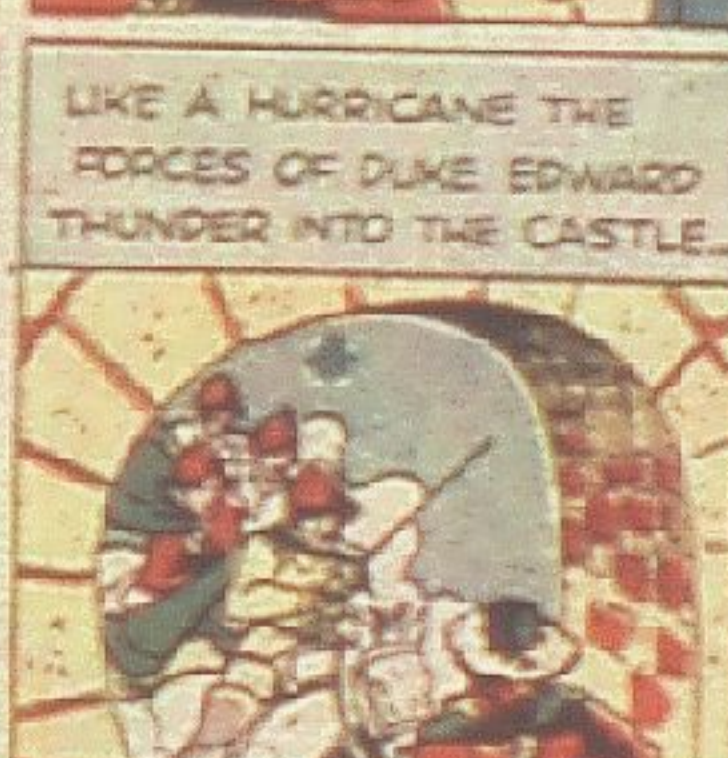
AND AS DUKE EDWARD MEETS
THE ARMY OF LADY ESSEX...

COME, MY PEOPLE... FLEE
INTO THE FOREST!



THUS, AS THE DUKE'S MEN
CHARGE TOWARD THEM, THE
LITTLE BAND DISAPPEARS...





BIG TOP

HEY, KIDS—
THERE'S
BUTCH THE
CLOWN!

I BET HE'LL GET US
INTO THE CIRCUS
FOR NOthin'!



ER...A...YEAH—
I GUESS
SO, KIDS...

GLEEP!



NOthin' DOIN',
BUTCH— THE
BOSS SAID
NO FREE
TICKETS!



NIX— YOU OWE ME
FOR SIX KIDS
YOU GOT IN
LAST WEEK...



YES, BUTCH—
HE JUST WENT
BY...



YES, SIR!



THANKS,
MISTER
BUTCH!

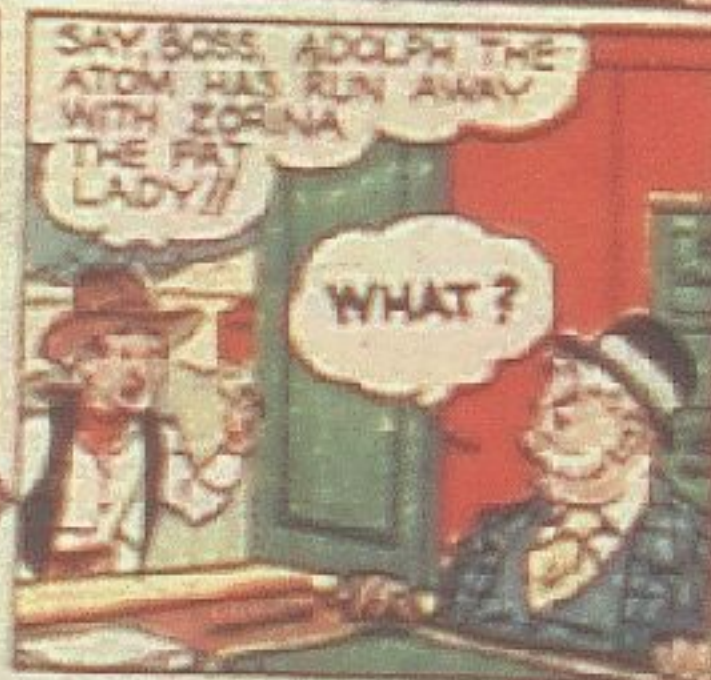
GLEEP!

LOOKA
TH' FLYFUNTS!

BIG TOP

ZORINA, I LOVE YOU—
WILL YOU MARRY ME?

OH, ADOLPH—
THIS IS
SO SUDDEN!

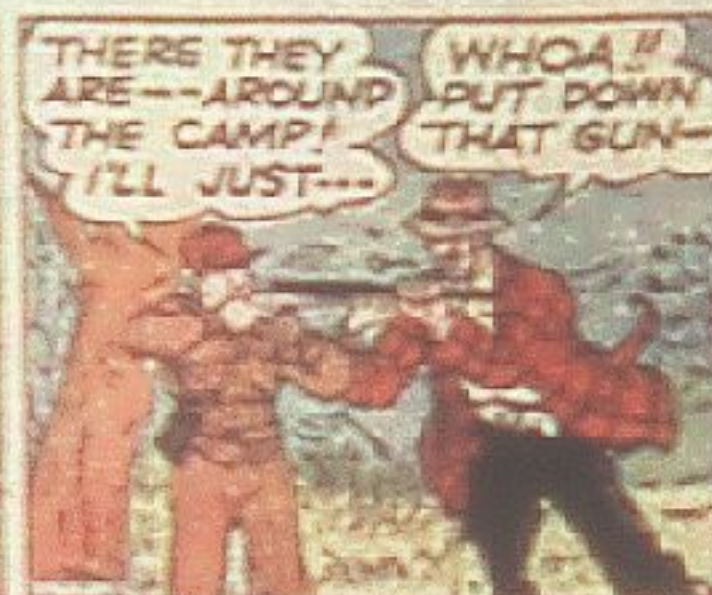
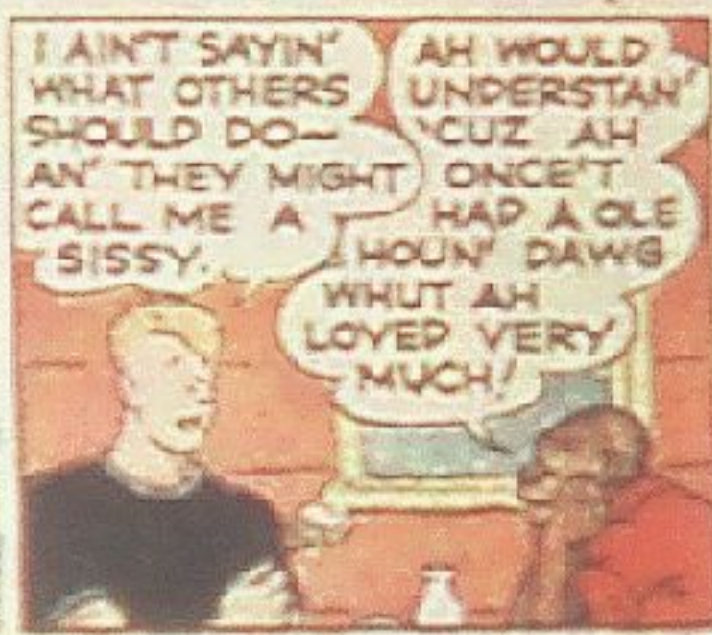
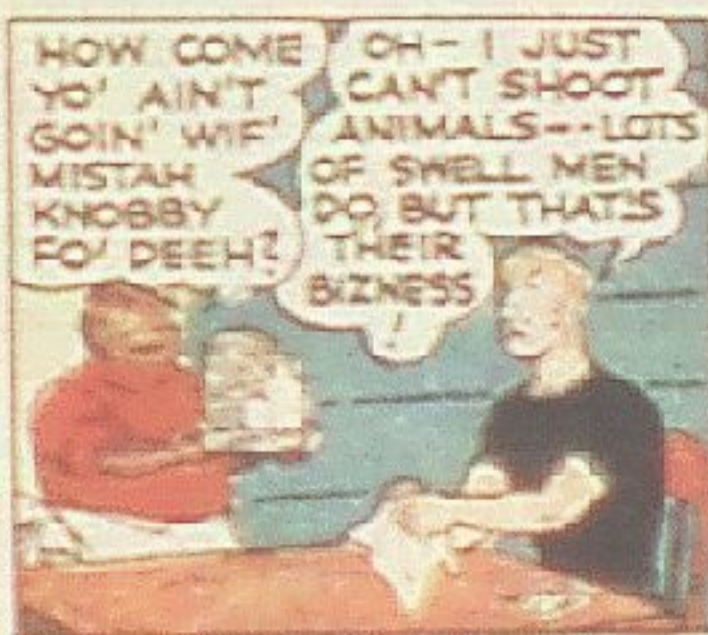


Follow Big Top in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale March 27th.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER





JOE PALOOKA

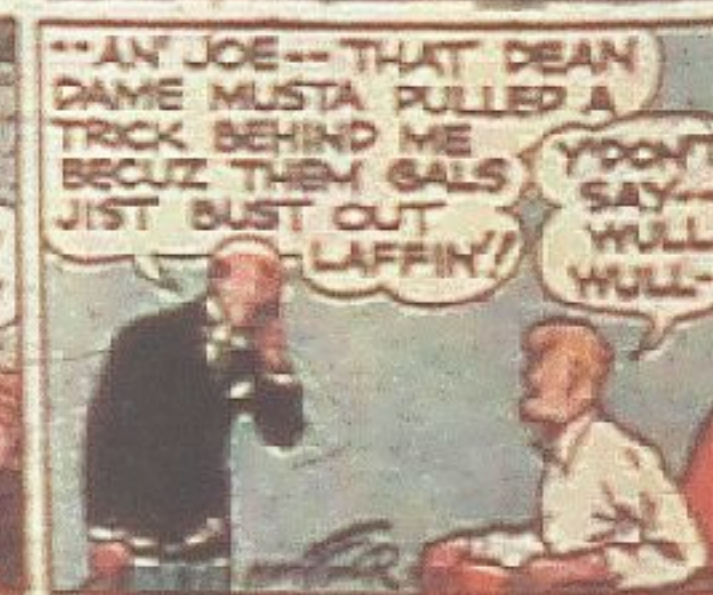
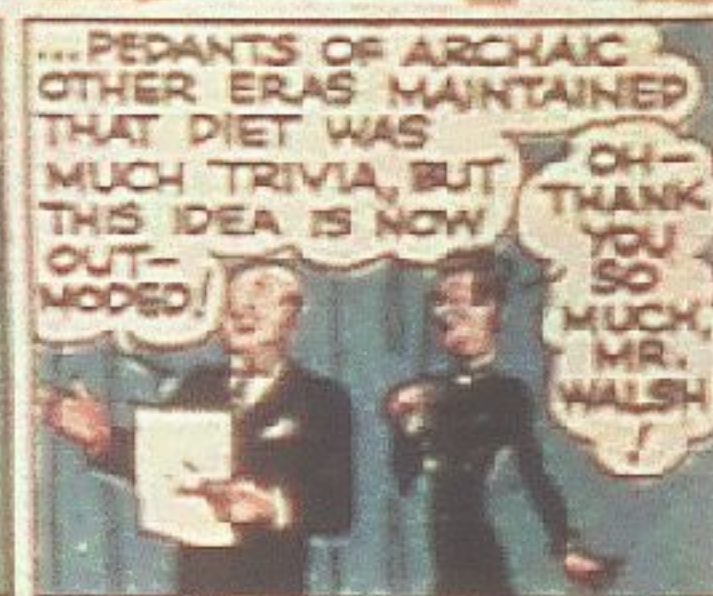
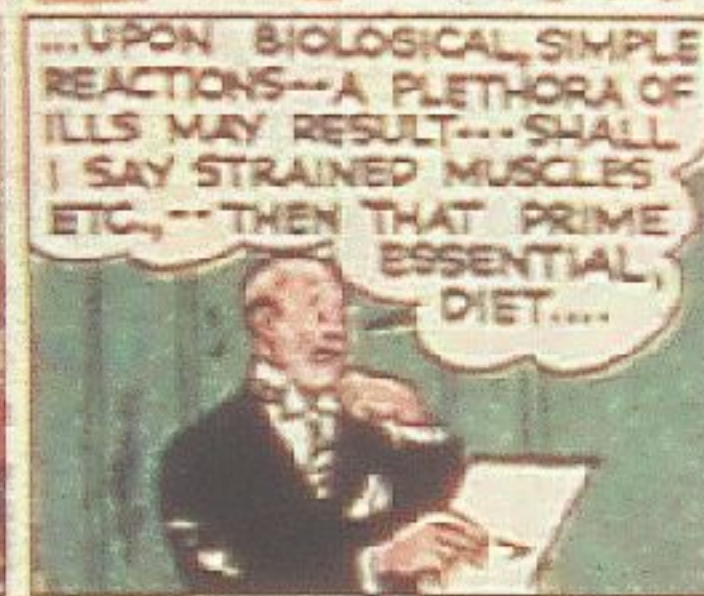
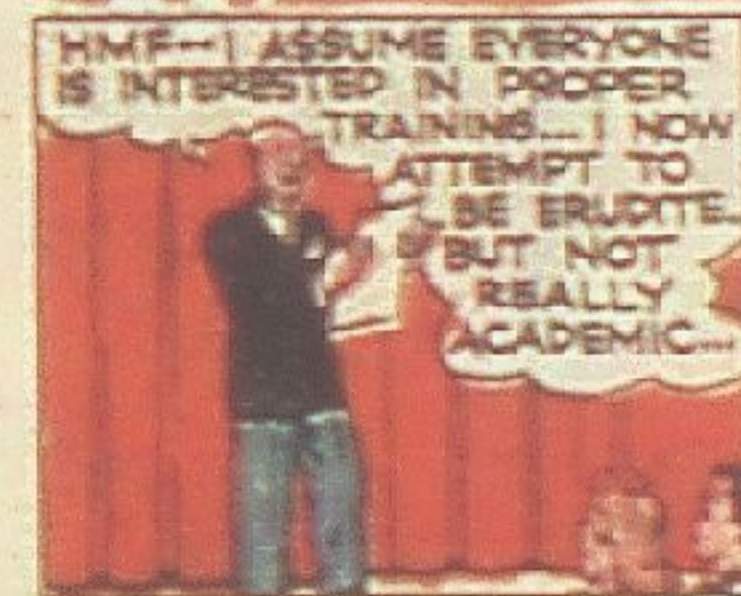
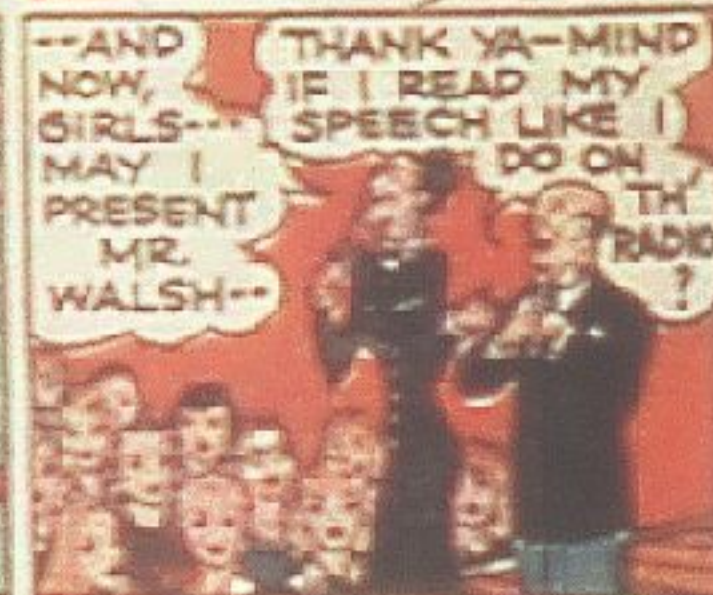
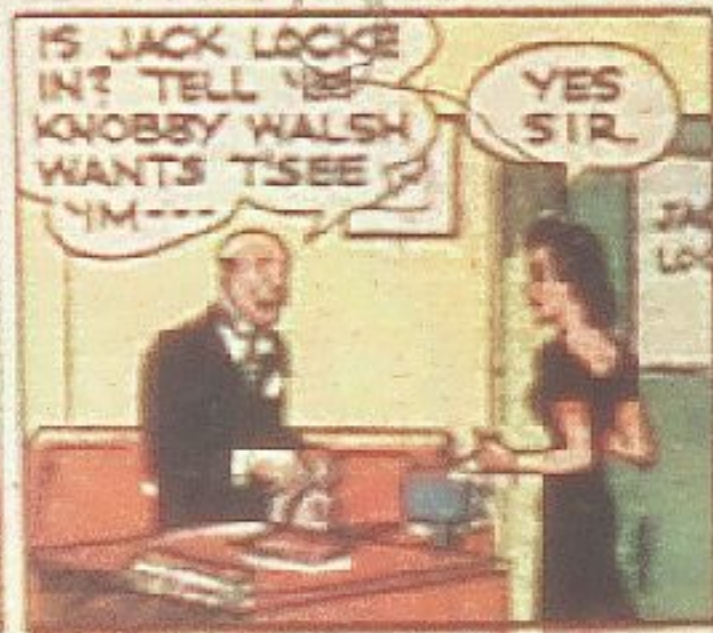
By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA

by Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



"Poison" Ivy starts in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS.

RANCE KEANE

"THE KNIGHT
OF THE WEST"

WILL ARTHUR

BANG

WAT,
WHAT'S
THAT?

DUCK FOR COVER, BOYS!
THERE'S A GANG OF
RUSTLERS TRAILIN' ME!

I DROPPED MY GUN CROSSIN'
ROCKY GULCH - I'D BLOWN ALL
MY POWDER ANYHOW! ALL I
COULD DO WAS "HIGH-TAIL"
IT OUTTA THERE!

WHO ARE THESE
RUSTLERS - DO
YOU KNOW?

SURE! I'VE RIDDEN
WITH 'EM FOR THREE
MONTHS NOW - IT'S
CAL HENNINGS AND
HIS GANG. I'M
WHELAN - NATE
WHELAN, U.S.
DEPUTY.

RANCE
AND PEE WEE
INTRODUCE
THEMSELVES.
AND WHELAN
EXPLAINS
THAT THROGH
A FRIEND,
HE GOT IN
WITH HENNINGS
IN ORDER
TO COLLECT
EVIDENCE.
HENNINGS
GOT KISE.

SO THEY TRIED TO
WIPE Y'OUT, EH?
WAL, NEBBE MY
SPARE SHOOTIN'
IRON'LL COME IN A
MITE HANDY.

THANKS,
FRIEND.

BUT GEE-HOS-A-PHAT,
FELLA - Y'GOT ENOUGH
ON THOSE GUYS TO
GO TO THE SHERIFF.

LOCAL LAW
DON'T MEAN
MUCH IN THESE
PARTS - I HAVE
REASON TO BE-
LIEVE THE SHERIFF
MAY BE THE BRANS
OF THE GANG.

LAW IS LAW ANYWHERE
IN THE OLD U.S.A. AND
WE HAVE TO GIVE THE
SHERIFF A CHANCE.

WELL, THERE'S
HIS OFFICE -
WE'LL SEE.



SO WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, SON, MAKE OUT A WARRANT FOR HENNING'S ARREST?

NO-THERE'S SOMEONE HIGHER UP THAN HENNING'S-WE'VE GOTTA GET HIM FIRST.

EXACTLY...AND THAT'S JUST WHY I'VE MADE NO ARRESTS. DO YOU KNOW WHO THE HEAD MAN IS?



I'M NOT SURE --NO ONE'S EVER SEEN HIM EXCEPT AT A DISTANCE, SNEAKING INTO THE OLD SHACK DOWN BY HENNING'S. THAT'S WHERE THEY HATCH THEIR RAID.

WHELAN EXPLAINS THAT THE GANG HAS JUST RETURNED WITH A NEW HALL OF COTTAGE AND THAT TONIGHT, AS AFTER EVERY ROUND-UP, THE HEAD OF THE GANG WILL BE AT THE SHACK.

OKAY. THIS MAY BE OUR CHANCE. I'LL DEPUTIZE THESE OTHER TWO GENTS AND WE'LL ROB DOWN THERE NOW!



JUST EXCUSE ME A FEW MINUTES TILL I GO IN AND ARRANGE A FEW THINGS.

SEE THERE? THE SHERIFF IS TOO DERN ANXIOUS TO GET US DOWN TO THAT SHACK. HE'S PROBABLY GONNA PHONE HENNING'S TO SET A TRAP FOR US!

PEE WEE'S RIGHT, KEANE. LET'S HOG-TIE THE SHERIFF AND HAVE A LOOK THROUGH HIS FILES.

NO-WE HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS RAID.



AND SO, NOT KNOWING WHAT THEY MAY BE RIDING INTO, THEY SET OUT FOR HENNING'S.



THIS IS THE ONLY PASS DOWN TO THE SHACK... LET'S PLAY SAFE --YOU STAY BACK AND SEE NOBODY TRAILS US IN...





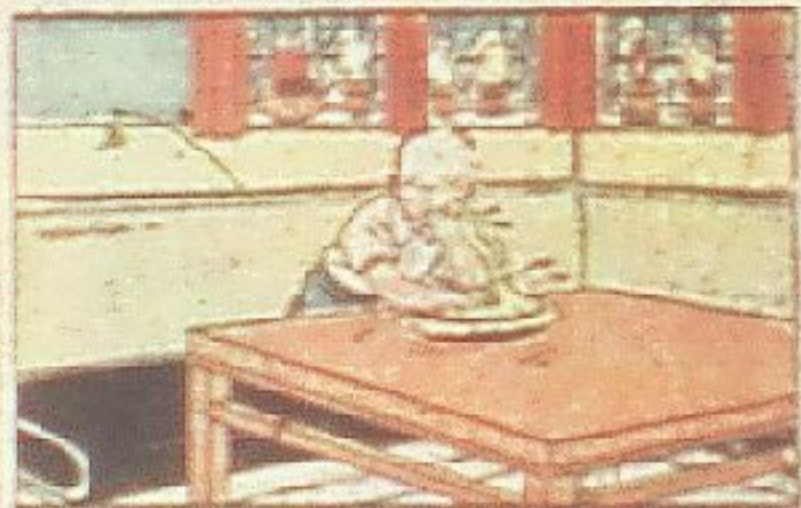


BUT BEFORE WHELAN HAS TIME TO REACH FOR THE CONCEALED WEAPON IN HIS SHOULDER HOLSTER, RANCE GOES INTO ACTION



TODDY

By
GEORGE MARCOUX



TODDY

BY
GEORGE MARCOUX

HULLO, PAPA...
THIS IS TODDY.
WILL YA TAKE ME
TO THE
MOVIES T'NIGHT?

YES, IF YOU'LL
TRY TO DO
BETTER WORK
AT SCHOOL!

OH SURE,
PAPA...
I PROMISE!
SURE...
SURE!!

ALL RIGHT
THEN, SON...
THAT'S THE
SPIRIT!

OH DEAR! I JUS'
CAN'T FORGET
HOW SWELL TH'
MOVIE'LL
BE!

TODDY LOTT!!
REMAIN AFTER
SCHOOL AND
WRITE "ROWDY"
FIVE HUNDRED
TIMES!

WELL... AT
LEAST YOUR
WRITING IS
IMPROVING!

SURE... I TOLD
MY DAD I'D
IMPROVE... AN'
I AM!!

MORTIMER MUM

SHOE STORE

JUST
MAILED

Read FEATURE COMICS each month for the best in humor, action and thrills.

OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED.*

"I'M TOO TIRED TO WALK HIM, AND HE DOESN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!"



"AW GEE---SHE'S SO PRETTY----- I JUST HATE TO TURN THE SIGN AN' LET HER GO!"

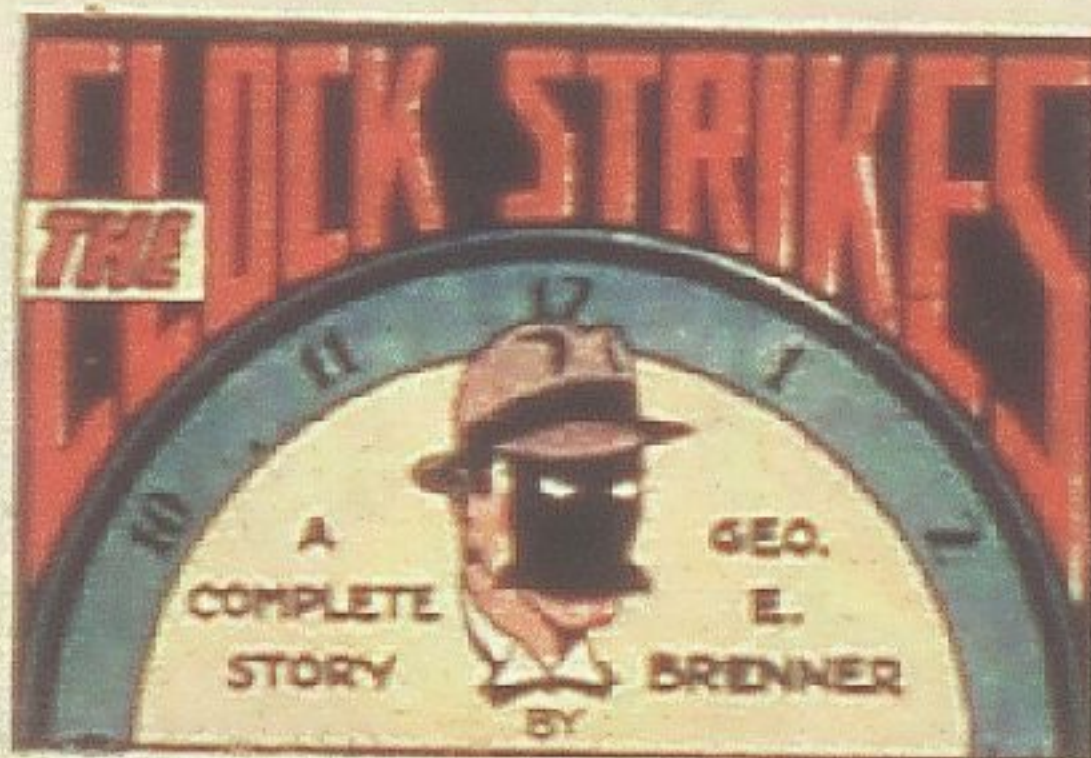
"NURSE, MOM SAID I CAN GO TO THE MOVIES WHEN JUNIOR GOES TO SLEEP, SO I'LL JUST-----"



"I'M A COLLECTOR--- HOW CAN I GET MRS. HARDSHELL TO ANSWER A KNOCK?"



"OH HERMAN... YOU LOOK SO ROMANTIC WITH A MUSTACHE!"

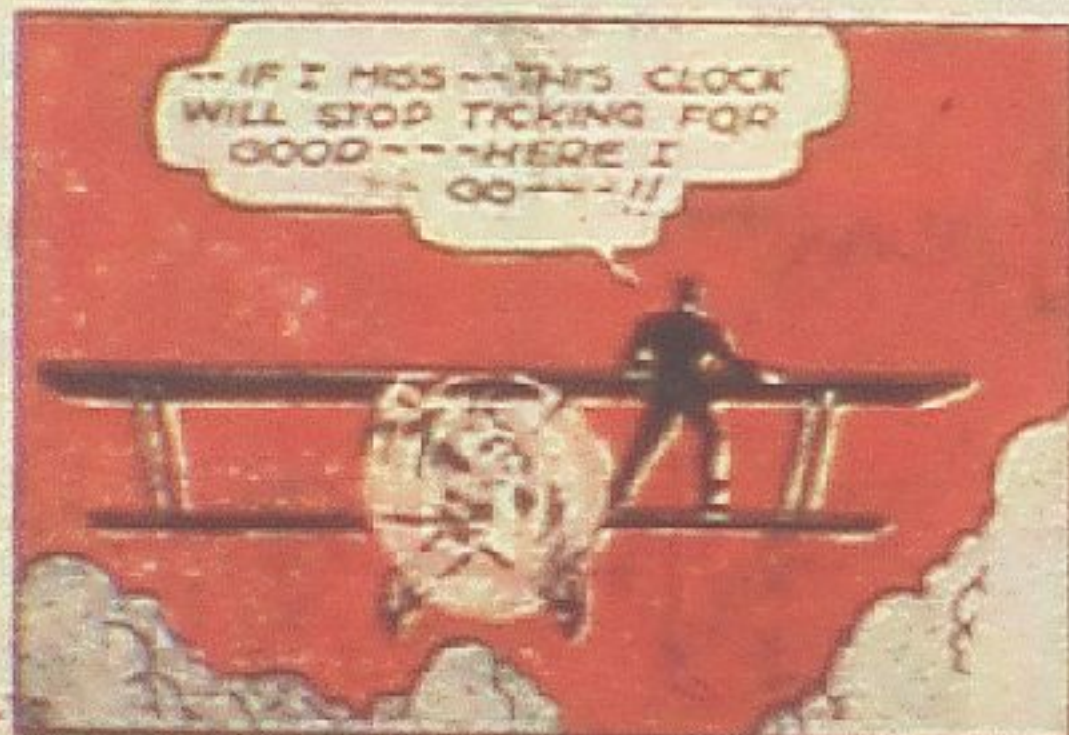
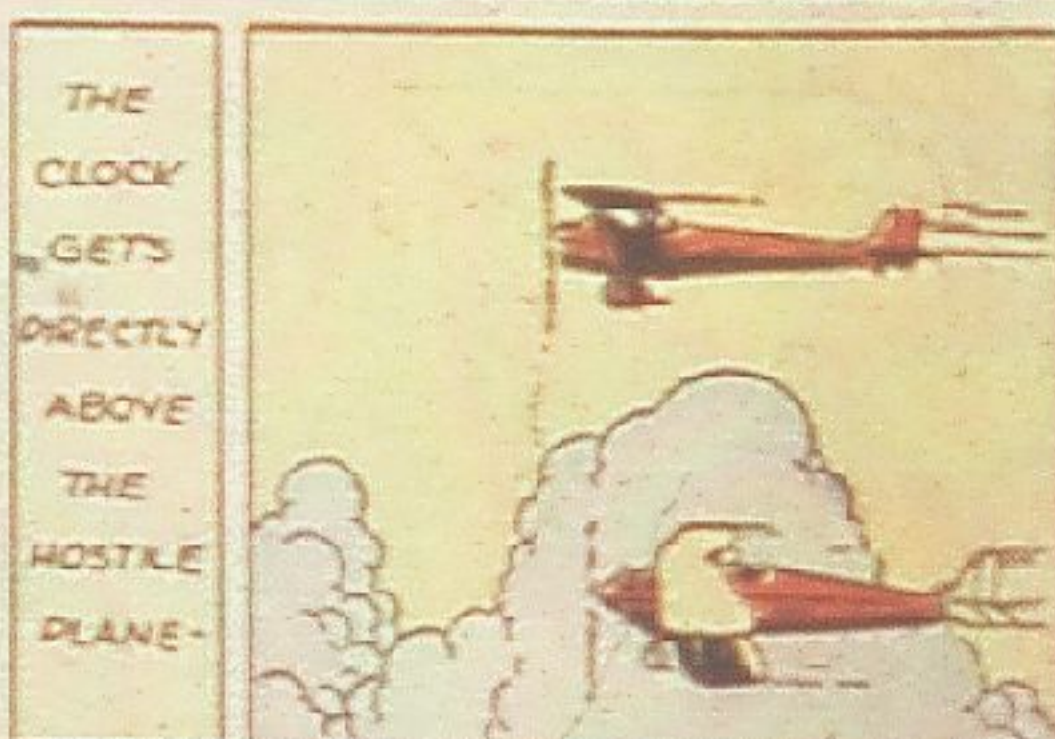
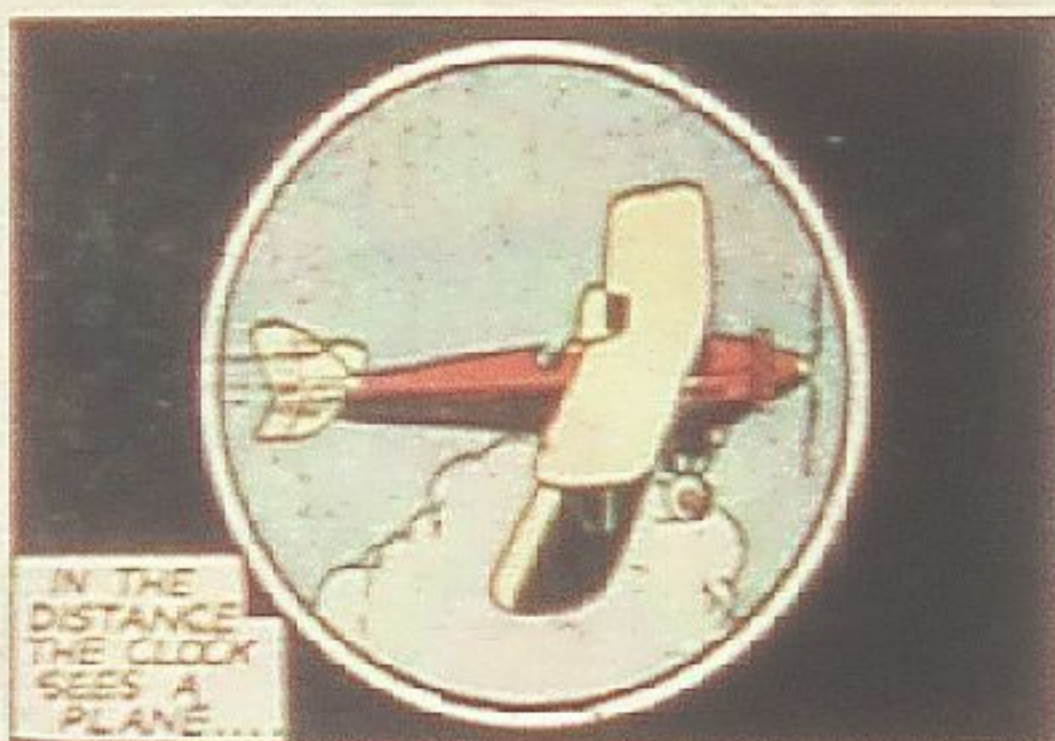


BENNY O'BRIEN, WHO PLAYS THE ROLE OF THE CLOCK, TALKS WITH HIS FRIEND POLICE CAPTAIN KANE -



A HALF HOUR LATER, THE CLOCK IS AT THE CITY AIRPORT.





THE
CLOCK
LANDS
ON THE
WING
OF THE
OTHER
PLANE--
AND
THEN...



CARL!!
LOOK--

I GET
HIM,
FRITZ--!



OUT ON
THE
WINGS
HIGH
ABOVE
THE
EARTH,
THE
CLOCK
BATTLES
FOR HIS
LIFE....



EEYAAAA!!

YOU'RE NEXT,
CARL--!



KNOCKING
THE
PILOT
OUT,
THE
CLOCK
BRINGS
THE
PLANE
DOWN
ON A
NEARBY
FIELD--

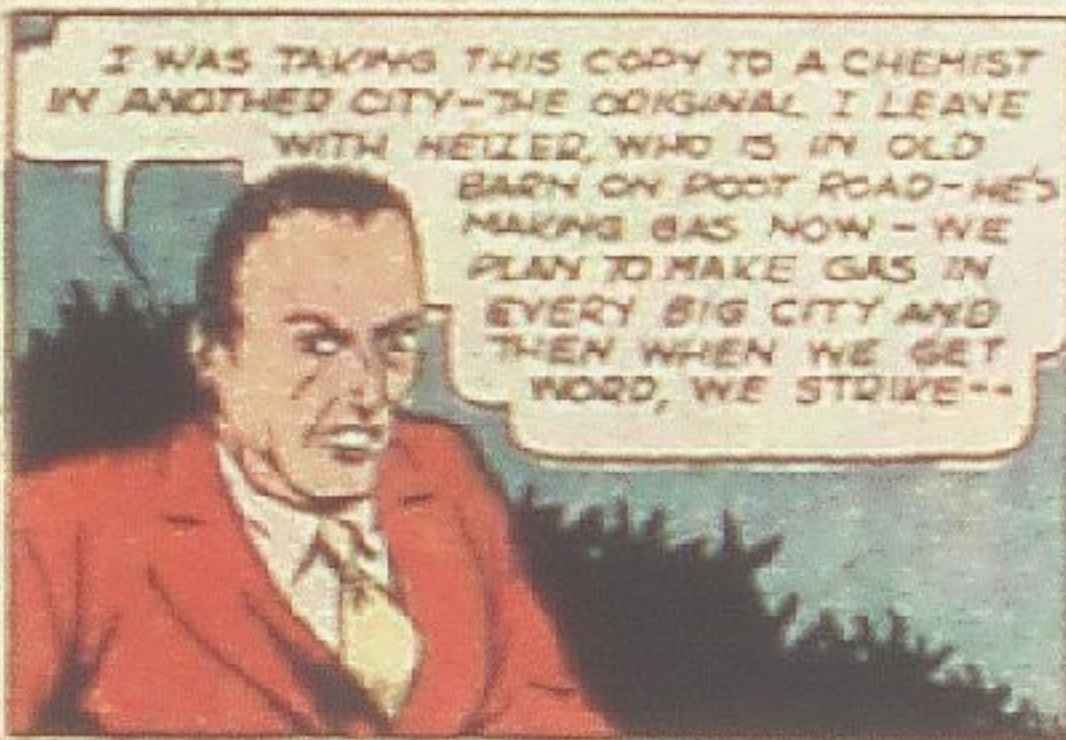
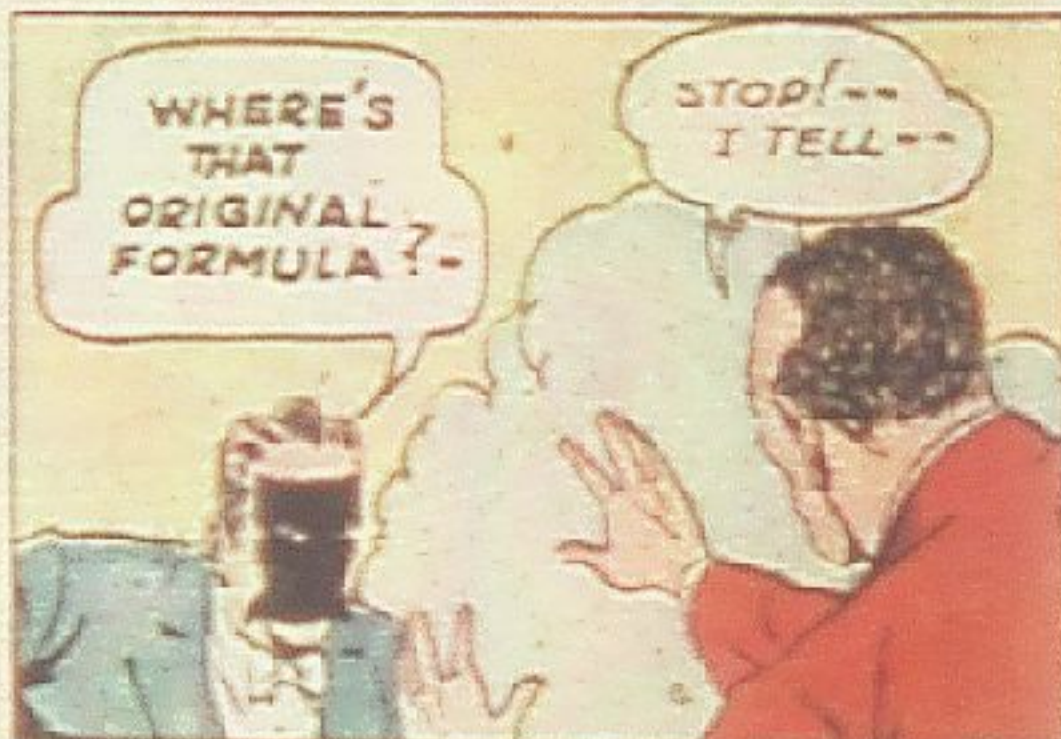


GET
OUT!

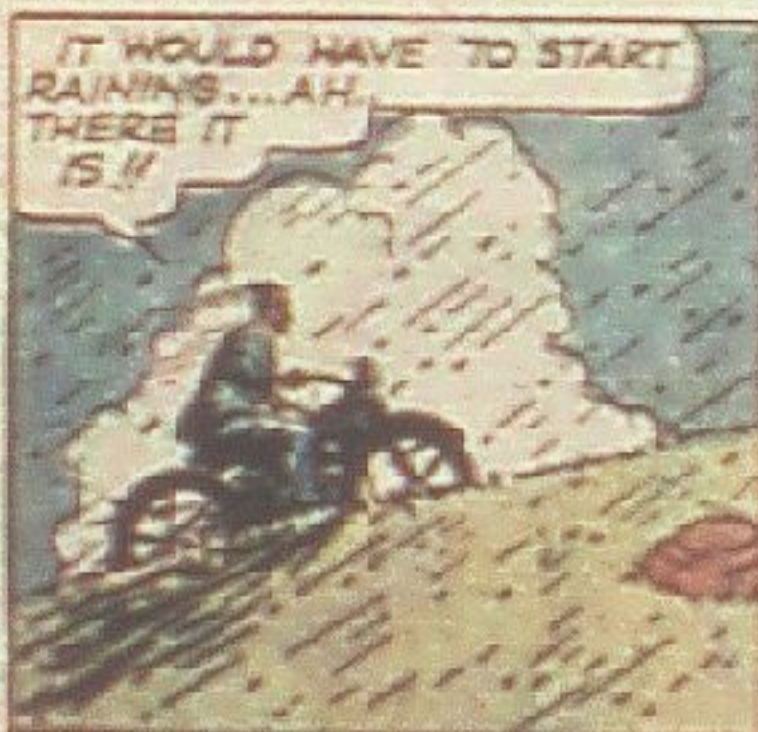
TALK!--WHERE'S
THAT FORMULA?

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU MEAN--





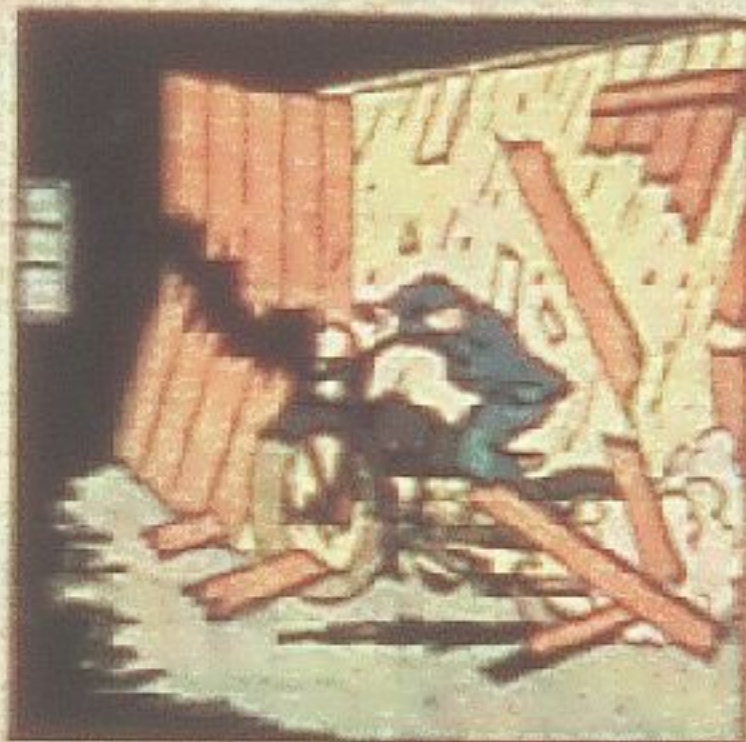
ONLY
ABLE
TO HIRE
A MOTOR-
CYCLE,
THE CLOCK
SPEEDS
TOWARD
THE OLD
BARN...



...AND
WITHOUT
STOPPING
HE
HEADS
STRAIGHT
FOR THE
DOORS !!



WITH A
SPLINTER-
ING
CRASH
THE
CLOCK
HURTTLES
INTO
THE
BARN !!



DON'T MOVE,
HEIZER --!!

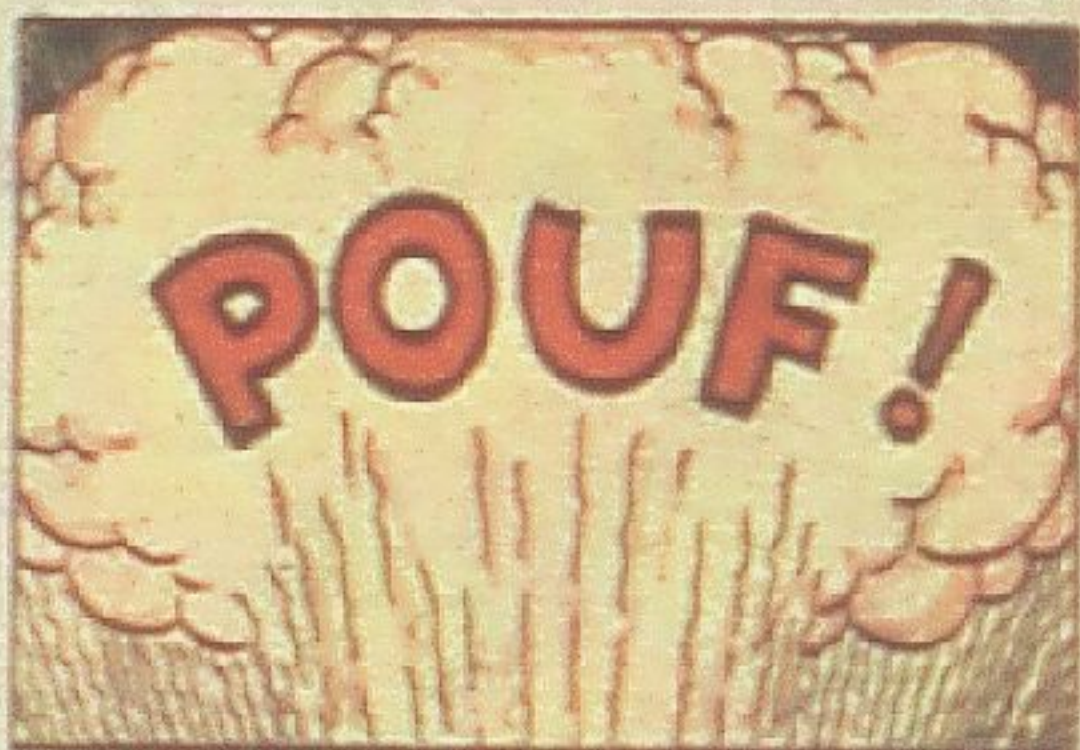
DON'T YOU
MOVE,
MR. CLOCK--!!



--OR I THROW THIS
TUBE OF GAS I
JUST COMPLETED--
--IN FACT--
I WILL--



POUF!



BUT---
OUT OF
THE
DEADLY
FUMES,
THE
CLOCK
WALKS !!



IT-IT CAN'T
BE--!

THE
TERROR-
STRICKEN
HEIZER
IS UNABLE
TO MOVE
AS
THE CLOCK
COMES
AT HIM--



CRACK!

THAT NIGHT--

**FOREIGN SPY RING HELD FOR THEFT
OF POISON GAS FORMULA. BROUGHT
TO JUSTICE BY THE CLOCK.**

HEIZER CLAIMS GAS WORTHLESS, AS IT
HAD NO EFFECT ON THE CLOCK. NEW
TESTS MADE BY GOVERNMENT AGENTS
PROVE IT IS DEADLIEST GAS KNOWN.

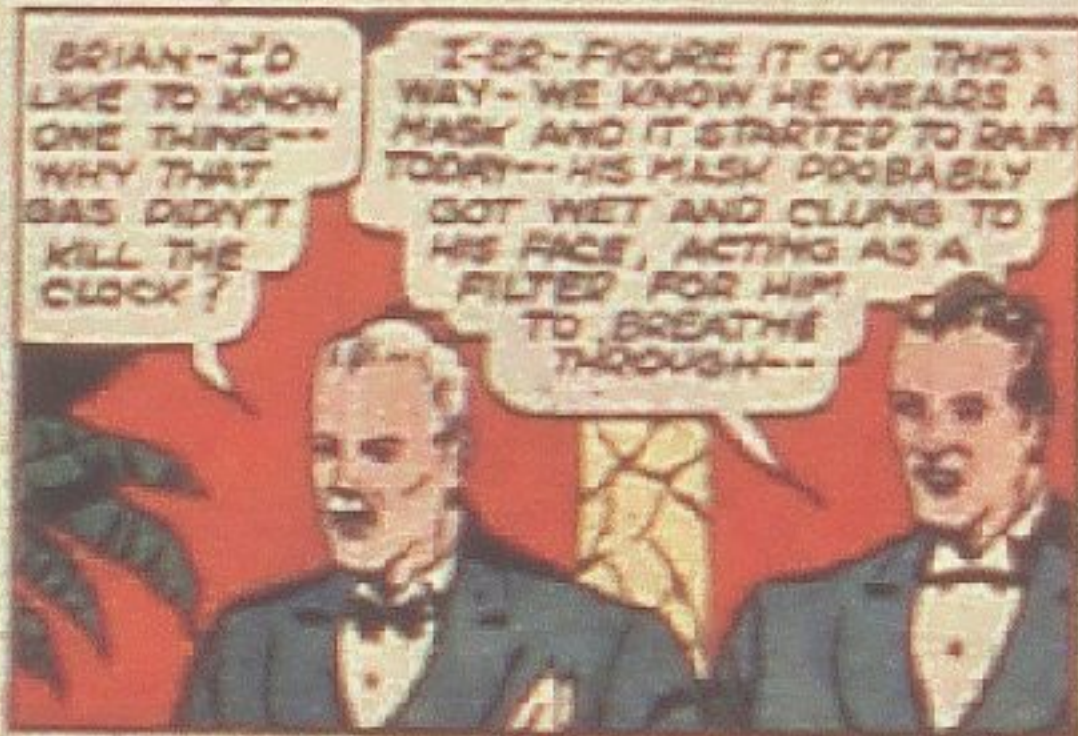
**WHY DIDN'T THE
CLOCK DIE?**

CAPTURED PILOT.



BRIAN--I'D
LIKE TO KNOW
ONE THING--
WHY THAT
GAS DIDN'T
KILL THE
CLOCK?

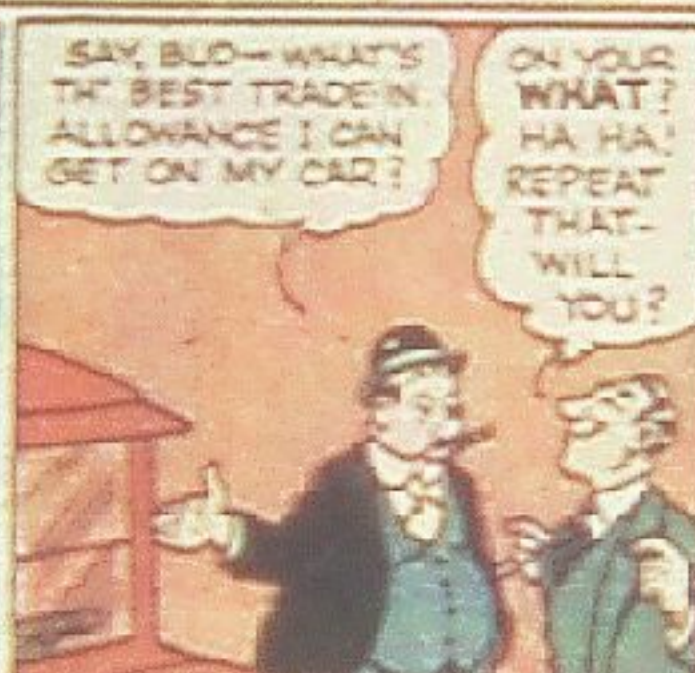
I-ER-FIGURE IT OUT THIS
WAY--WE KNOW HE WEARS A
MASK AND IT STARTED TO RAIN
TODAY--HIS MASK PROBABLY
GOT WET AND CLUNG TO
HIS FACE, ACTING AS A
FILTER FOR HIM
TO BREATHE
THROUGH--



LALA PALOOZA



THE OLD BOAT IS BEGINNING TO SHOW SIGNS OF WEAR — I GUESS I'LL SWAP IT IN!



SAY, BUD — WHAT'S THE BEST TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE I CAN GET ON MY CAR?

ON YOUR WHAT? HA HA! REPEAT THAT — WILL YOU?



DID YOUR FATHER DO HIS COURTING IN THIS BUDDY — OR WAS IT YOUR GRANDFATHER?

LOOK, CHUM — I LIKE MY COMEDY IN THE FUNNY PAPERS!

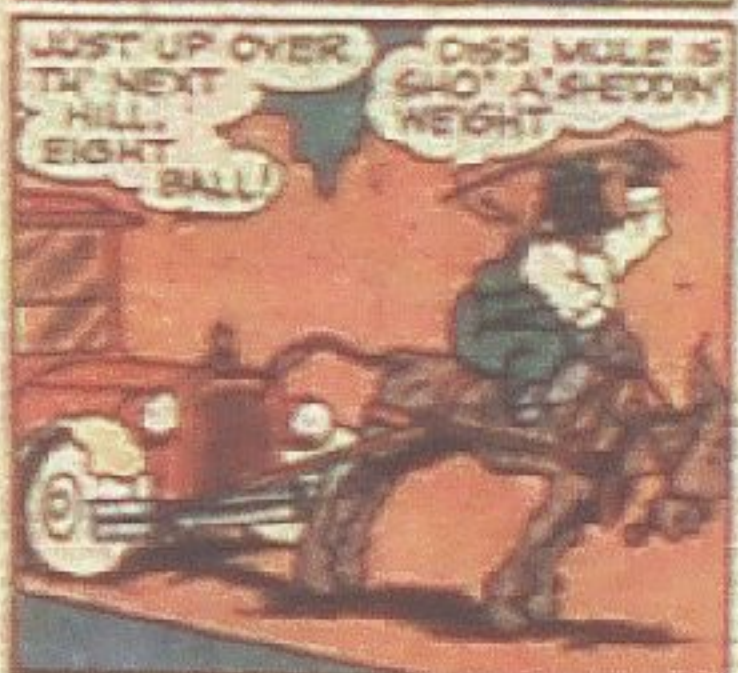


SO YOU WON'T TAKE IT AT ANY PRICE, EH, WISE GUY?

OH, SURE — FOR TWENTY BUCKS WE'LL TAKE IT OFF YOUR HANDS!



OH WELL, MAYBE THAT GUY'S RIGHT — EVERYTHING ON THIS CAR MAKES A NOISE EXCEPT THE HORN!



JUST UP OVER THE NEXT HILL, EIGHT BALL!

OH, SURE — FOR TWENTY BUCKS WE'LL TAKE IT OFF YOUR HANDS!



SAY, LALA, IF I FURNISH THE SPARE ROOM CAN I USE IT?

FOR WHAT?



A DEN — A MAN SHOULD HAVE A PLACE TO REST AFTER A TIRING DAY AT THE...

POOL ROOM!



AUTOMOBILE, YOU ARE ABOUT TO BECOME HOUSE FURNITURE!



THERE — PICTURE FRAME, SOFA, SCREEN, RUG, BRIDGE LAMP, BOOKCASE — NOT BAD, NOT BAD!

Lala Palooza

VINCENT'S GONE HUNTING...
AND HE'S GOING
TO BRING HOME
A BEAR
RUS!



More of Lala Palooza and Vincent in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS.

SPIN SHAW

OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS



IN A LUXURIOUS SUITE OF OFFICES, JASPER ORIN, NOTORIOUS GUN RUNNER EXPLAINS A NEW SMUGGLING PLAN TO HIS AIDE

ARE THOSE THE CITIES WE WORK FROM, BOSS?



YEP WE BRING ALL THE STUFF INTO OKLAHOMA CITY AND FROM THERE FLY THE STUFF INTO MEXICO! IT CAN'T MISS!



MEANWHILE, AT THE ARMY AIR BASE IN TEXAS...

SPIN, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME GET THESE GUN RUNNERS—THEY'RE GETTING BOLDER EVERY DAY!



O.K. MIKE, ANYTHING FOR A PAL! THE NAVY IS ALWAYS READY TO GET THE ARMY OUT OF TROUBLE!



THE NEXT DAY SPIN LEADS HIS CRACK SQUADRON, SCOURING THE SKIES FOR THE SMUGGLERS.



SIGHTING A PLANE, THEY RADIO IT TO LAND FOR INSPECTION.



WE'D BETTER GIVE UP, THESE ARMY GUYS MEAN BUSINESS!

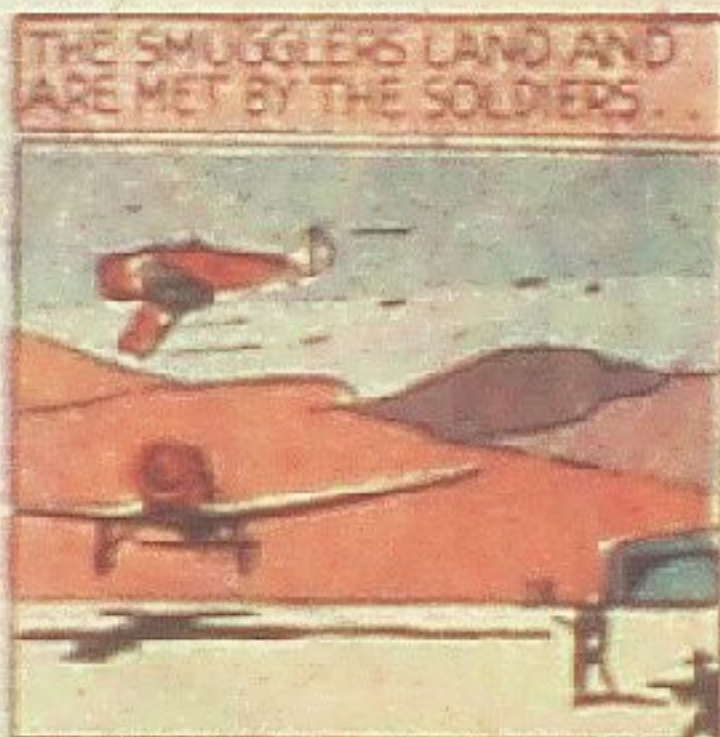




AS THE GANGSTERS TRY TO GET AWAY SPIN DIVES WITH MACHINE GUNS CHITTERING



HOLY SMOKE! THEY'RE SHOOTING! GO DOWN QUICK!



THE SMUGGLERS LAND AND ARE MET BY THE SOLDIERS.



YOU'RE IN A SPOT (I) RATHER RED! WHY NOT TELL US YOUR BOSS'S NAME?

I GO TO THE PEN, THAN HAVE MY BOSS SORE AT ME!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN ORIN'S OFFICE

SO, IT CAN'T MISS, EH?

SHUT UP! SO THOSE ARMY GUYS WANT TROUBLE!



AND A FEW DAYS LATER A HUGE 'FLYING FORTRESS' ROARS TOWARD THE BORDER.



COME ON, WISE GUYS- HERE'S WHERE WE EVEN THE SCORE!

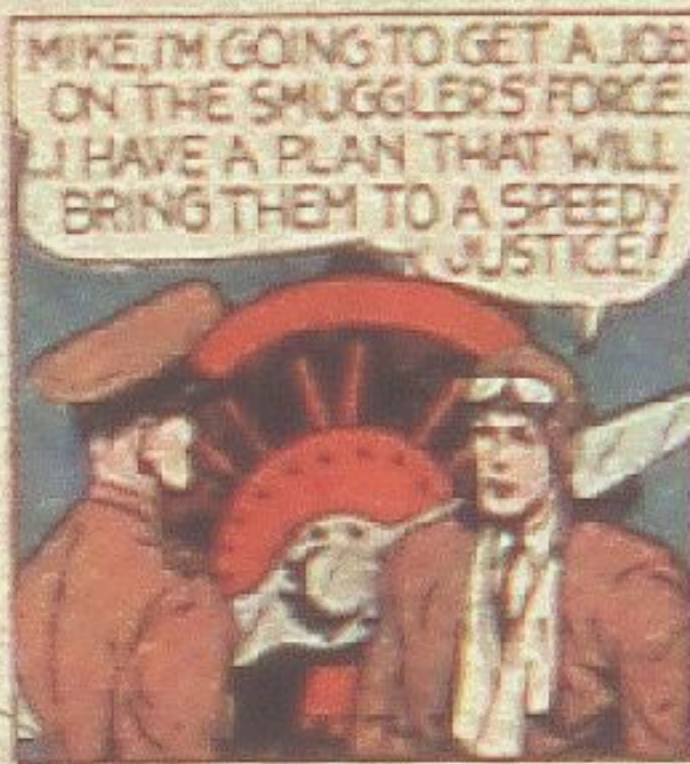


THERE! WE'RE OVER THE BORDER! HA! HA! LOOK AT 'EM! TURN BACK!



THOSE DIRTY KILLERS!

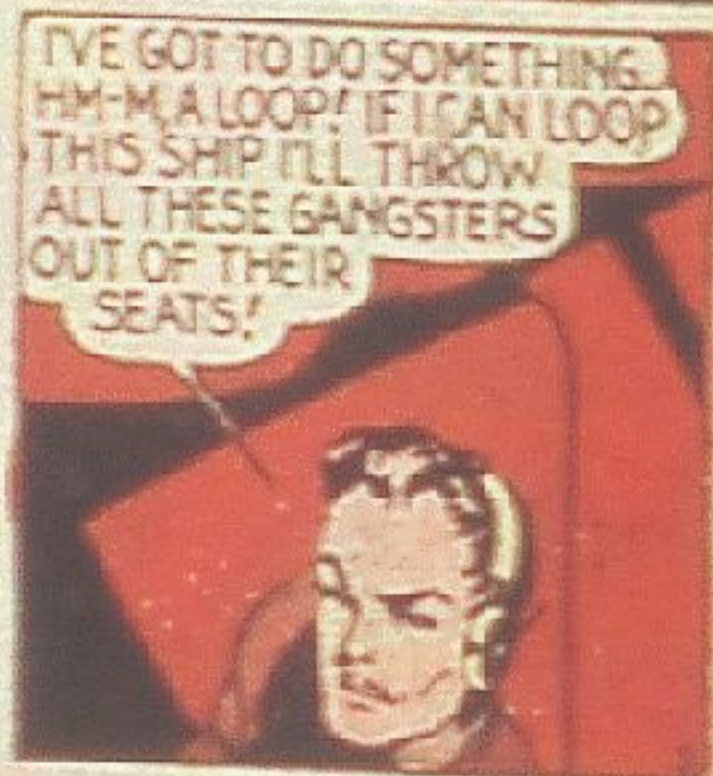
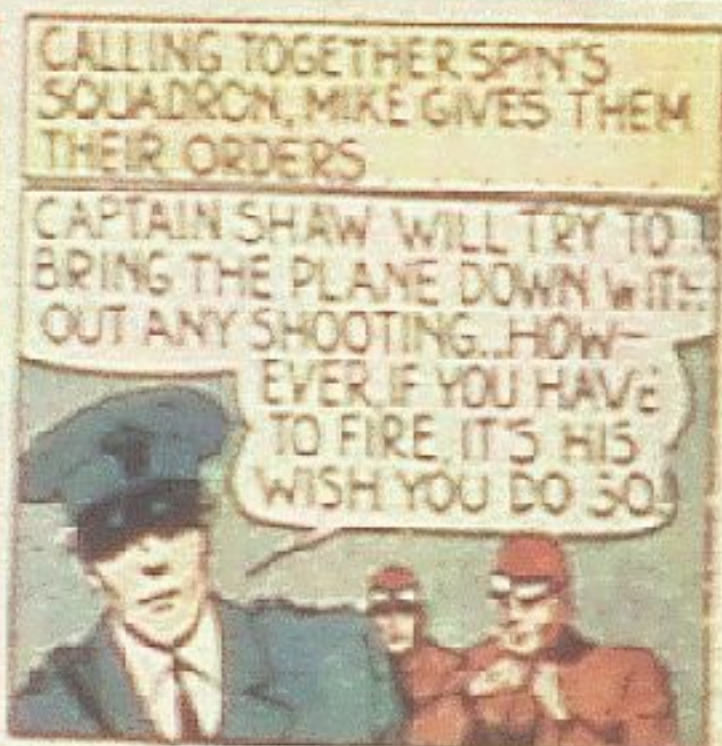
IF WE TRY TO STOP THEM BY FORCE WE MAY LOSE MORE MEN! WE MUST USE OTHER WAYS!



MIKE, I'M GOING TO GET A JOB ON THE SMUGGLERS' FORCE. I HAVE A PLAN THAT WILL BRING THEM TO A SPEEDY JUSTICE!



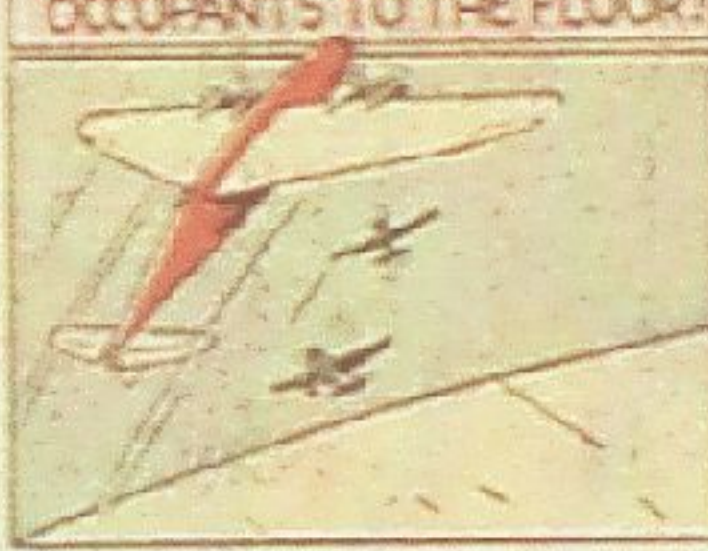
A WEEK LATER IN MEXICO CITY SO YOU'RE A PILOT AND WANT A JOB, EH? ANY REFERENCES?



QUICKLY PULLING BACK THE STICK, SPIN ZOOMS THE BIG SHIP UP INTO THE SKY.



GROANING IN EVERY RIVET, THE HUGE PLANE FLOPS ON ITS BACK, SENDING ITS OCCUPANTS TO THE FLOOR!



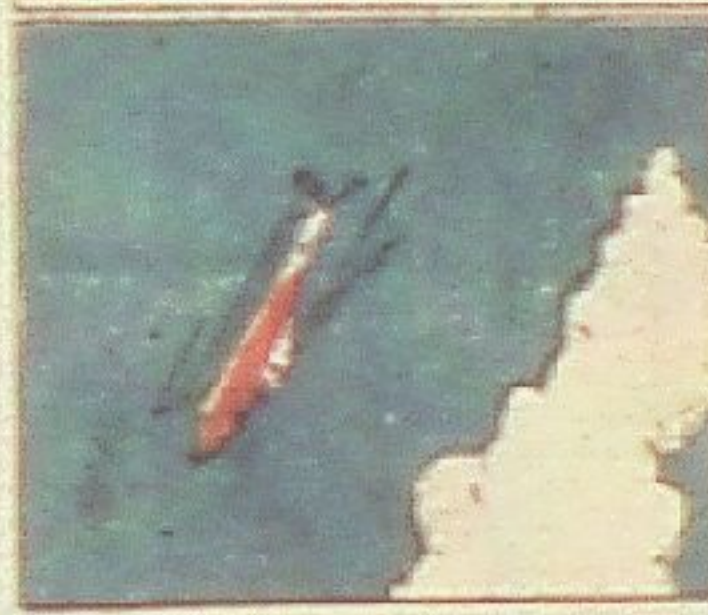
RIGHTING THE PLANE, SPIN GRABS AT THE FURIOUS ORIN



IGNORING THE CONTROLS, THE TWO DROP TO THE FLOOR, FIGHTING DESPERATELY.



OUT OF CONTROL, THE SHIP PLUNGES DOWNWARD.



JUMPING AT THE CONTROLS, SPIN IDLES THE MOTORS AND EASES THE PLANE INTO A LONG GLIDE.



SLOWLY HE BRINGS THE SLUGGISH SHIP OUT OF ITS DIVE. SUDDENLY HE CRASHES INTO A FLAG POLE.



AND THE PLANE GOES INTO A NEARBY HAY STACK!



HURRY, GET CAPT. SHAW OUT!



THEY'RE ALL SAFE!



SHAW! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE SAFE! GREAT WORK! WE GOT THEM ALL!



GOOD! I NEVER THOUGHT THE PLANE WOULD GET OUT OF THAT DIVE! WELL, THERE ARE YOUR SMUGGLERS... I'LL THANK YOU TO BUY THE NAVY AN ORCHID!



SLIM and TUBBY by John J. Welch

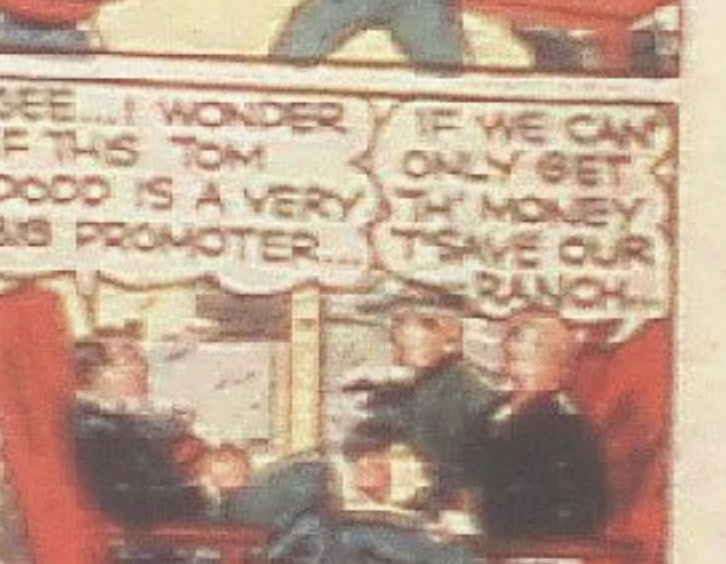
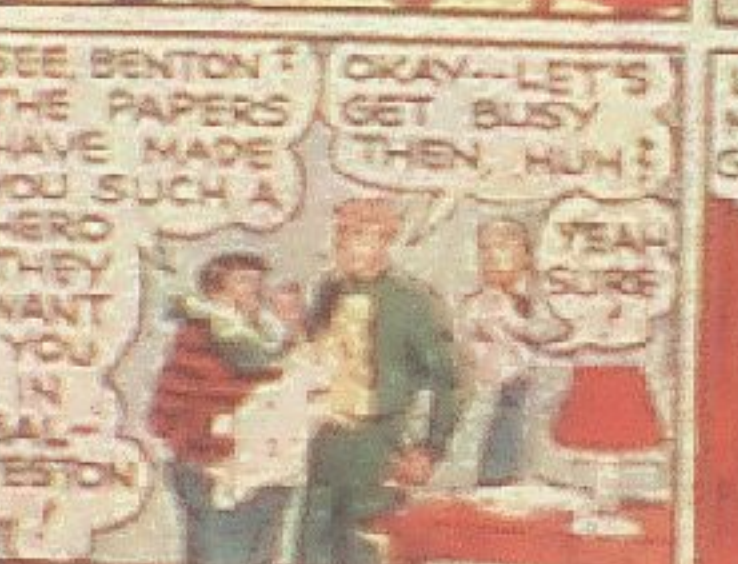
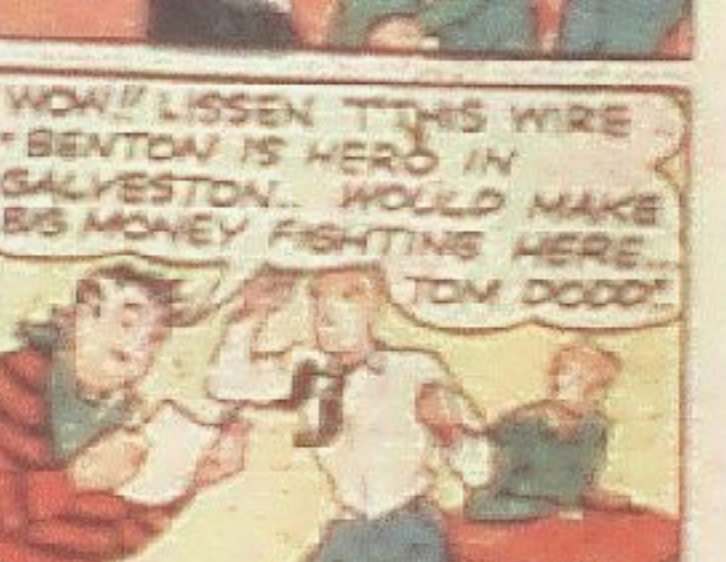
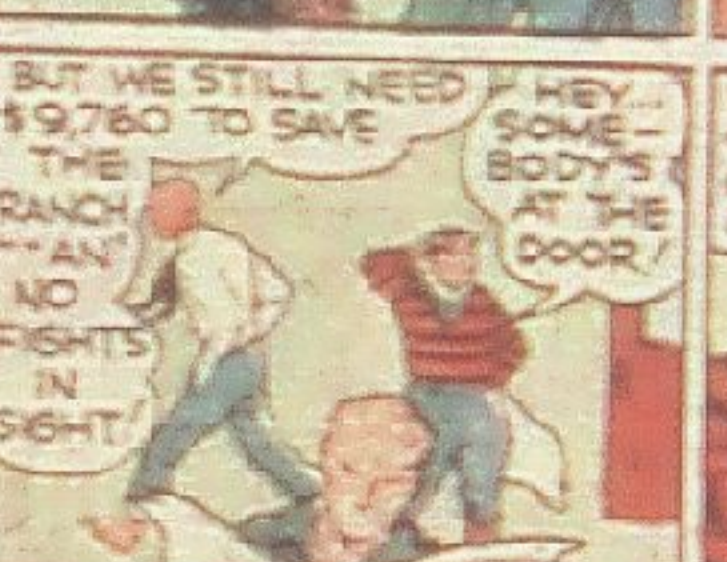
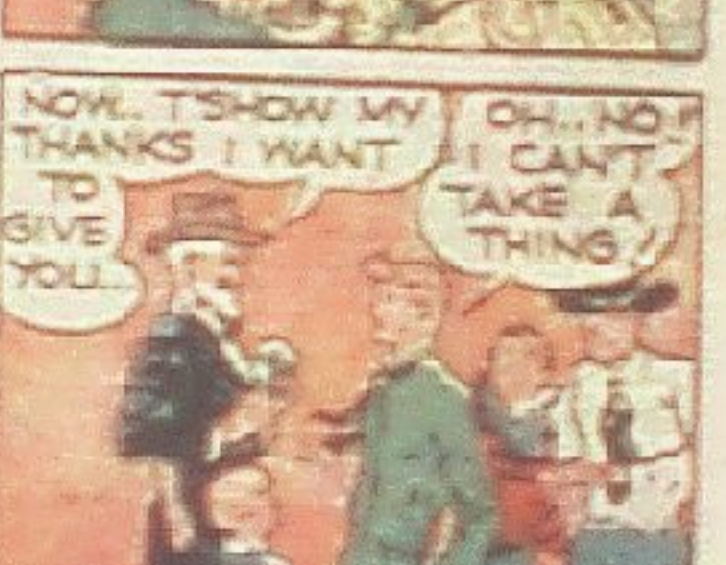
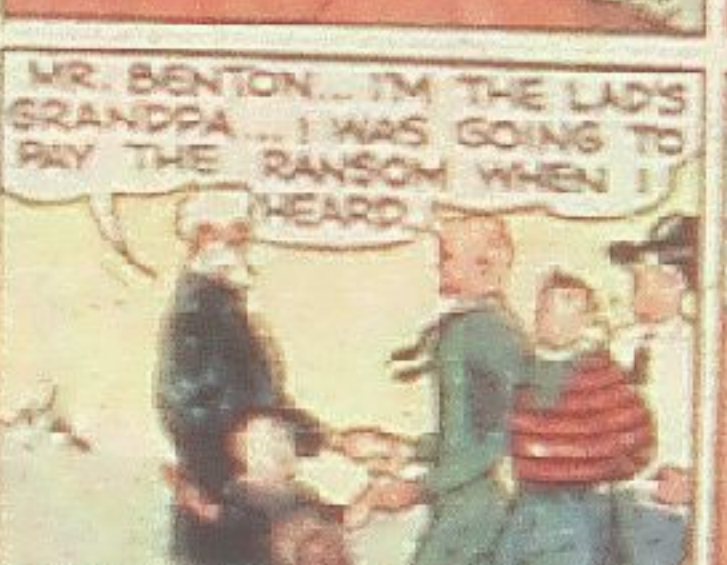
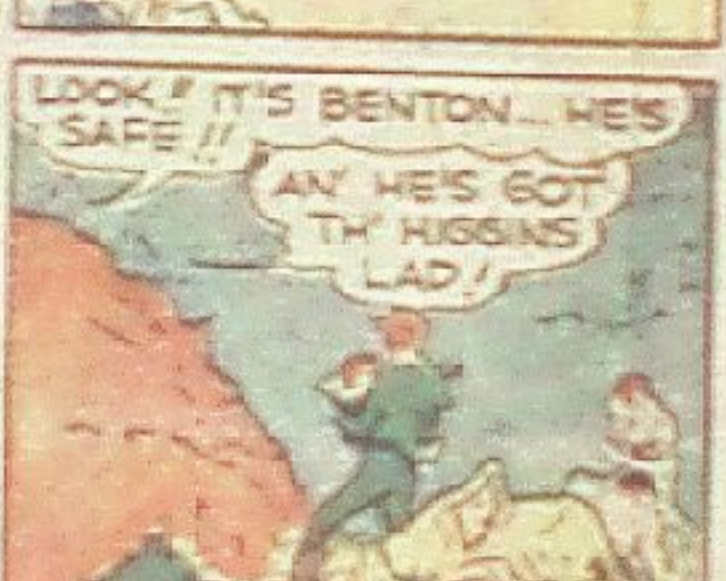
AS THE KIDNAPERS OF LITTLE BILLY HIGGINS FLEE IN A TAXI, BENTON HANGS ON THE SIDE AND BATTLES THE DRIVER.



HURRY, SLIM--WE GOTTA TRY TO HELP BENTON!



OH!! THEY WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE BILL BOARD!



Slim and Tubby

by John J. Welch

AS BENTON, SLIM AND TUBBY ARRIVE IN GALVESTON, TEXAS, THEY ARE GIVEN A GREAT WELCOME....



AW... WELCOME BENTON... I'M TOM DODD... C'MON—LET'S GET OUT OF THIS CROWD....



WELL, BENTON—I'VE LINED UP YOUNG JIM MACE FOR A BOUT WITH YOU!



JIM MACE SHOULD BE A DANDY DRAWING CARD WITH BENTON!



GENTS MEET MR. BENTON—NOW, I HAVE THE CONTRACTS READY AND...



IF YOU THINK WE'RE GONNA FIGHT BENTON, YER CRAZY! NOPE --- HE'S OUT!



YOU COULD MAKE PLENTY WITH A BENTON MATCH—WHY NOT?



WHY THEY'D BOO AND HATE ANY GUY WHO LAD A SLOVE ON BENTON!



LOOKS LIKE BENTON A HERO IS GONNA BE TOUGH, BENTON!



IT'S TOO BAD, MR. DODD... BENTON SURE NEEDED THAT MONEY!



THAT NIGHT... AS TOM DODD THINKS IT OVER...



HOW!! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE!!



WHY—MACE DOES ROADWORK ALONG THE WATERFRONT EVERY DAY... AND HE'S GOT A GIRL... THAT'S PERFECT FOR ME...



WELL... THAT'S FUNNY... DODD WANTS TO MEET ME ON THE WATERFRONT TO TALK ABOUT THE FIGHT!



NOW... THERE'S BENTON... HERE COMES THE GIRL... I TOLD HER BENTON HAD A NOTE FOR HER. NOW—THE FIREWORKS START WHEN MACE COMES ALONG!!



Sanar, a thrilling jungle picture story, starts in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

HEY, GUYS—LOOK WHO'S COMING OUT FOR INDOOR TRACK!

NED BRANT—IS HE A RUNNER, OR A JUMPER, OR SOMETHING?

WELL, UNDOUBTEDLY HE'S SOMETHING

THE NEW WHAT YOU GOING OUT FOR?

I THOUGHT I MIGHT TRY FOR THE RELAY TEAM

WHOSE PLACE DO YOU THINK YOU'LL TAKE—MINE?

I DON'T WANT ANYBODY'S PLACE, BOB—I WANT TO EARN A PLACE OF MY OWN

WELL, IF YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT ANOTHER MAN, THAT'S HIS JOB IN CAPITAL LETTERS!

ALL RIGHT—LET'S HAVE THAT MILE RELAY TEAM—OVER HERE!

ODDSWELL, DWIGHT, BOBARTH AND SHEKELS—IT'S YOU GUYS AGAINST THE STOPWATCH—LET'S GO!

AND ONE NEW RECRUIT, COACH—A GUY NAMED BRANT

PRETTY FAST COMPANY, NED—TAKE A QUARTER MILE—I'LL CLOCK YOU

SAY—THAT BOY CAN MOVE!

FAIR

MIGHTY FAST QUARTER, IF YOU ASK ME!

WHY ASK YOU? COACH HAS THE COPE

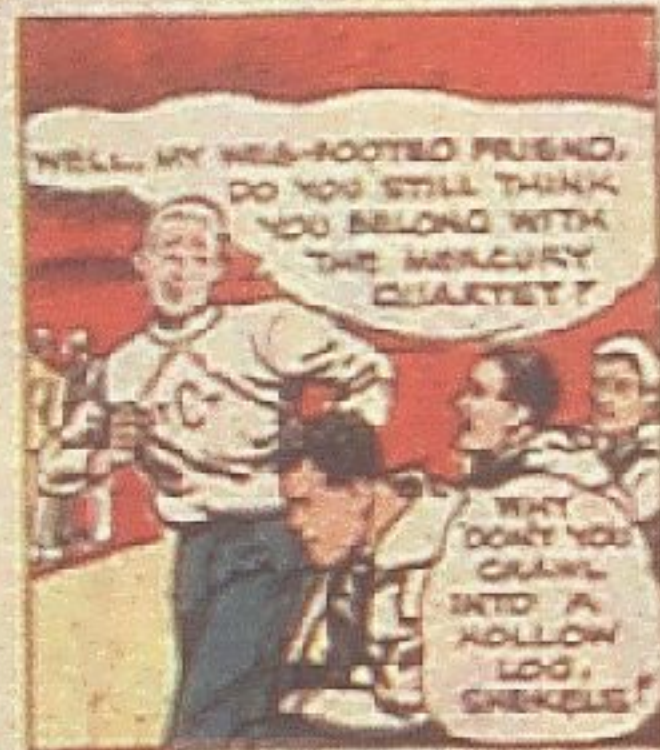
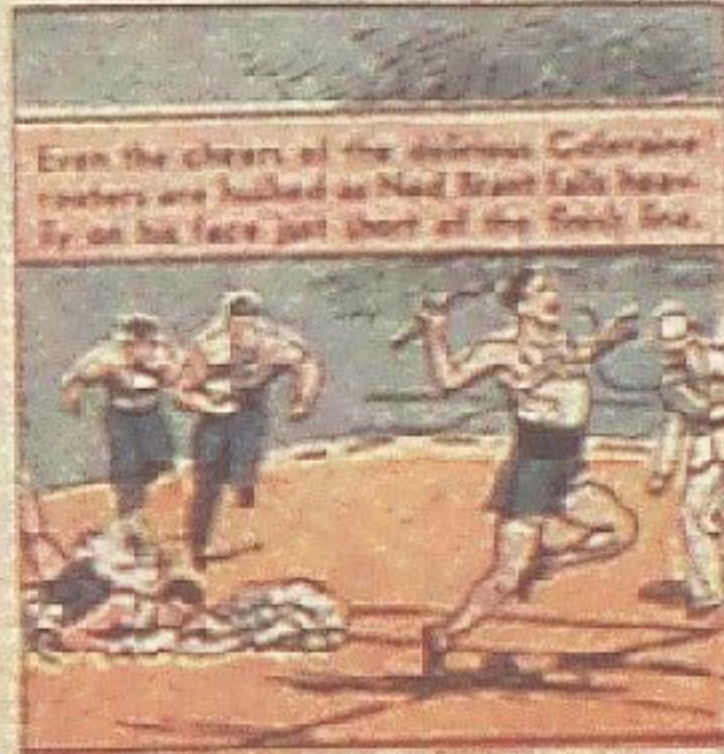
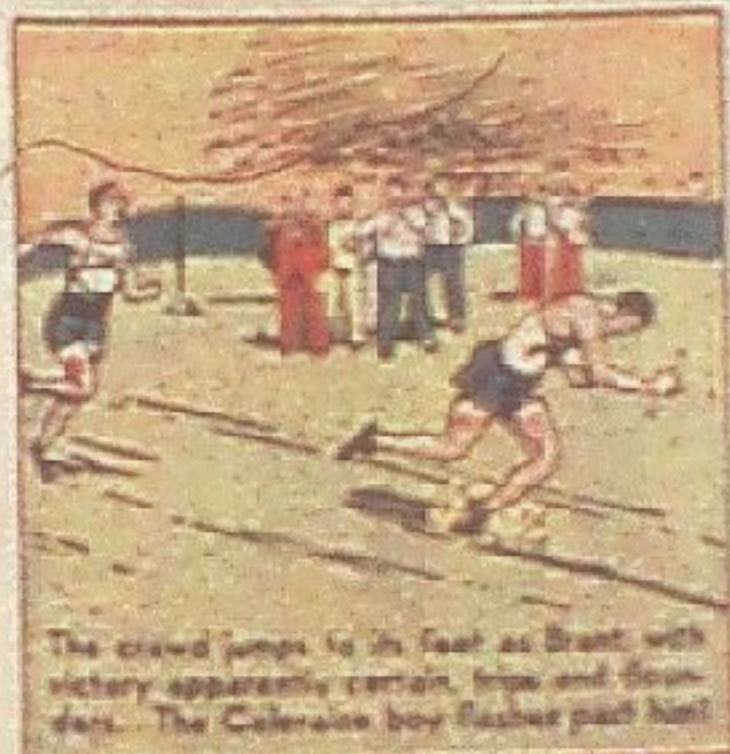
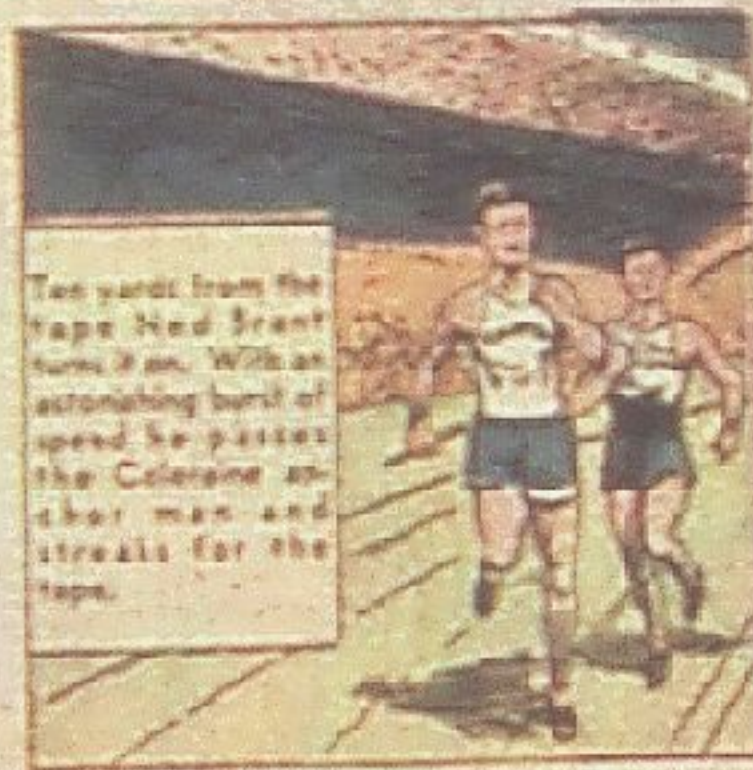
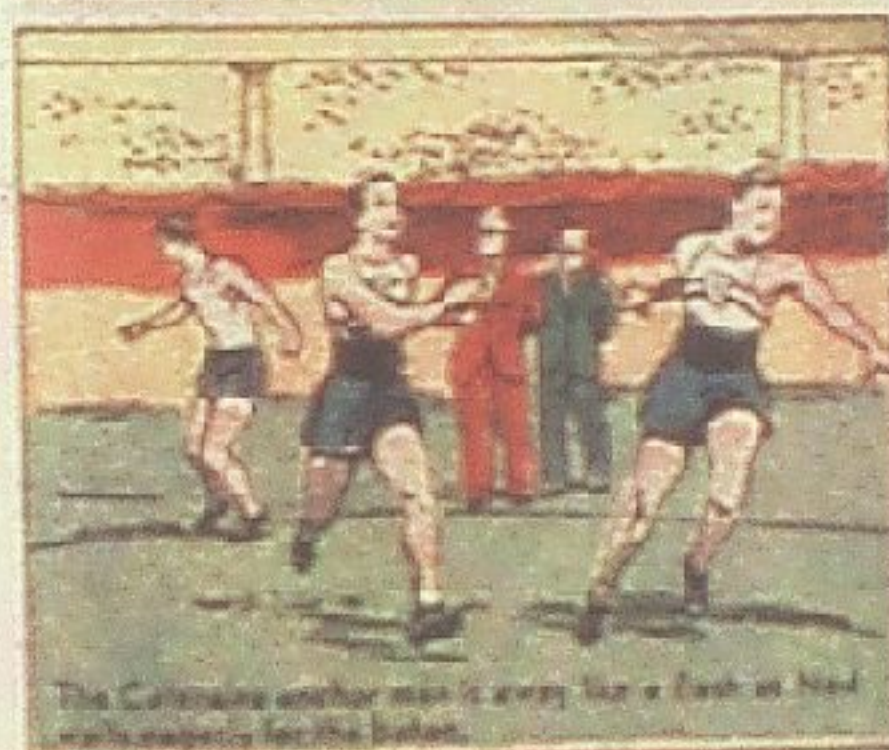
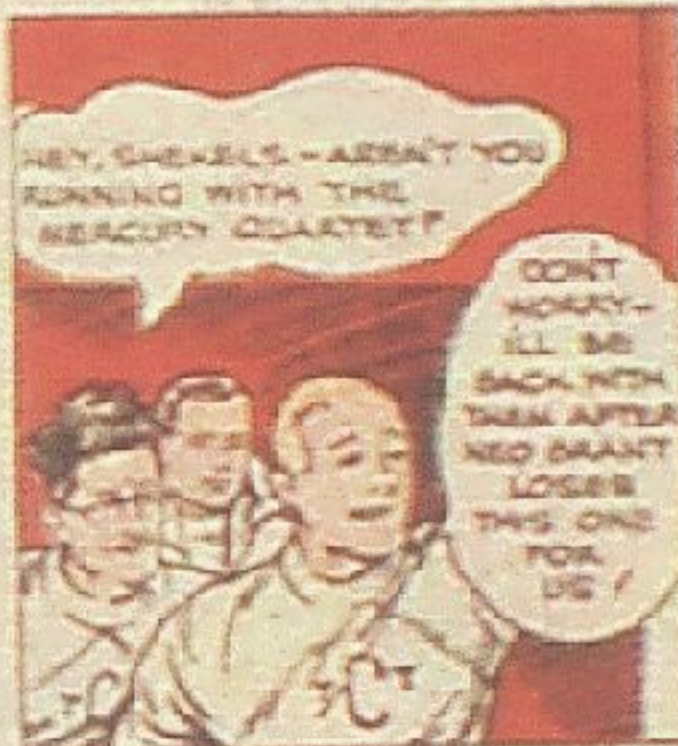
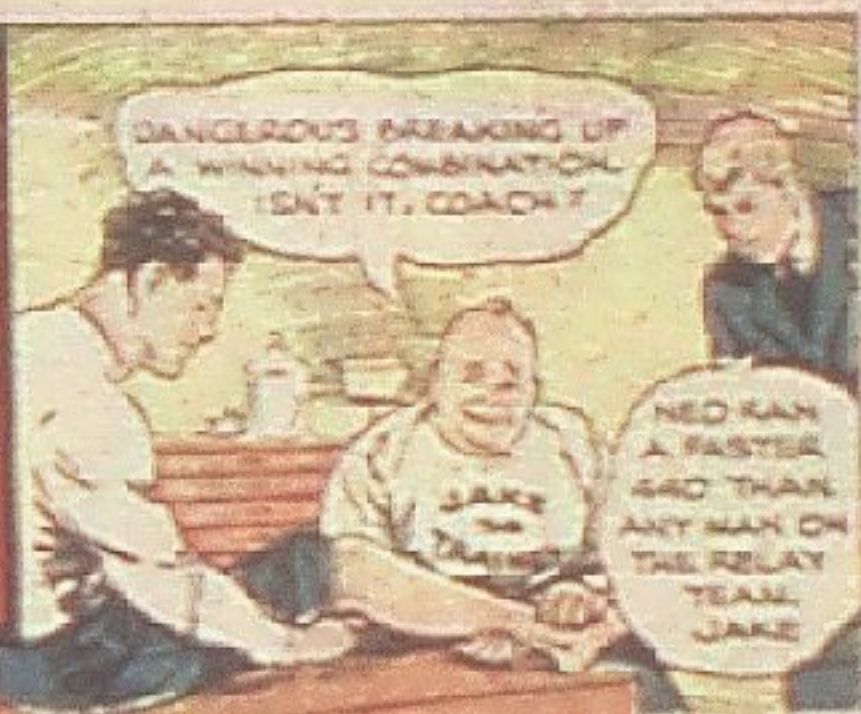
WHAT DID HE RUN IT IN, COACH?

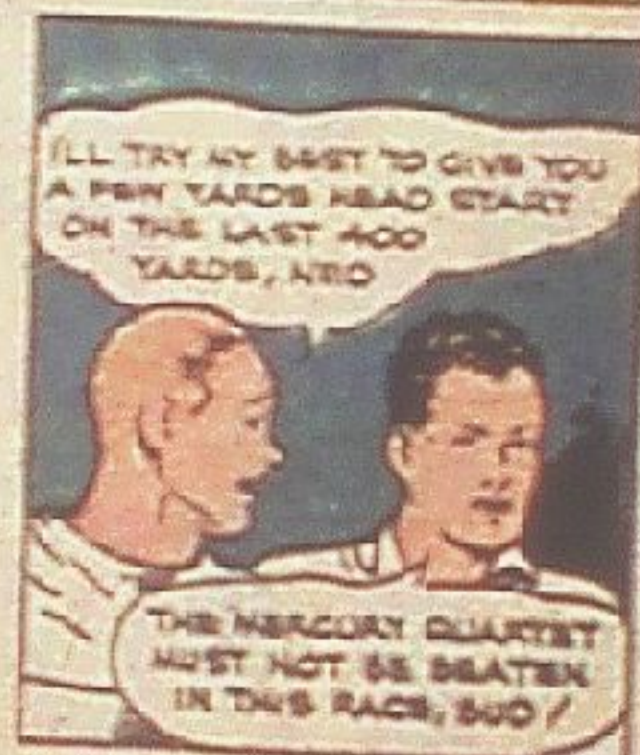
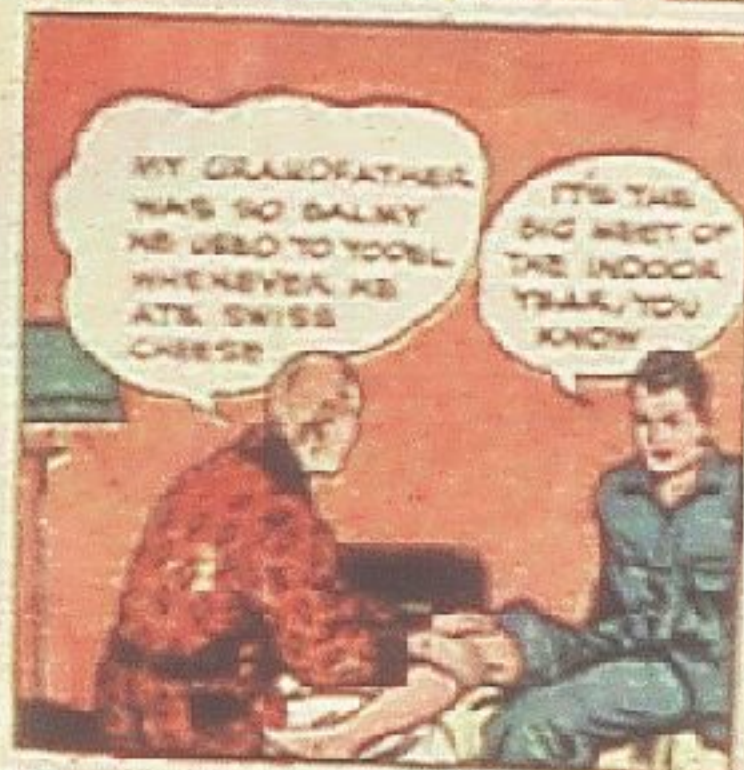
THREE HOURS AND FORTY-FIVE MINUTES—BUT DON'T GOOTE HE

I'LL TRY THIS ONE JUST TO BE SURE THE OTHER STOPWATCH DON'T MISS A FEW TICKS!

NED BRANT

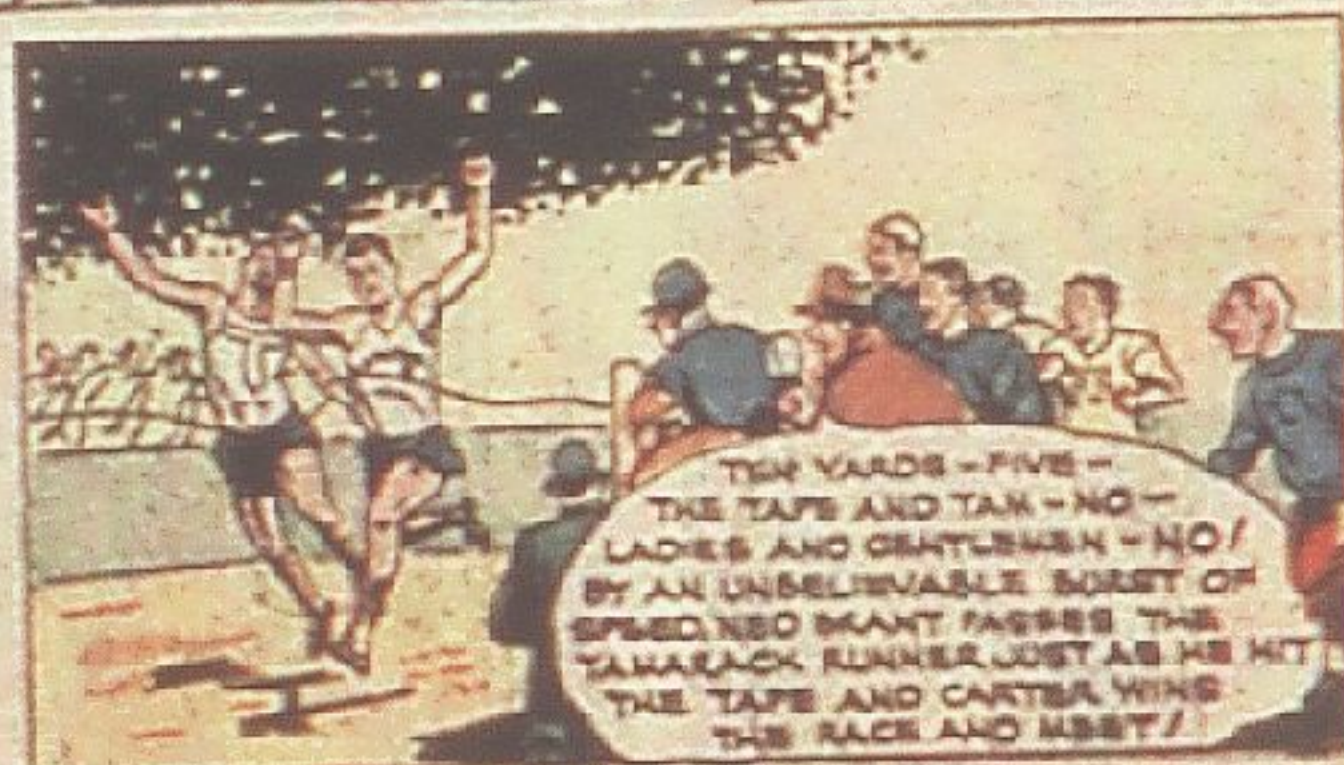
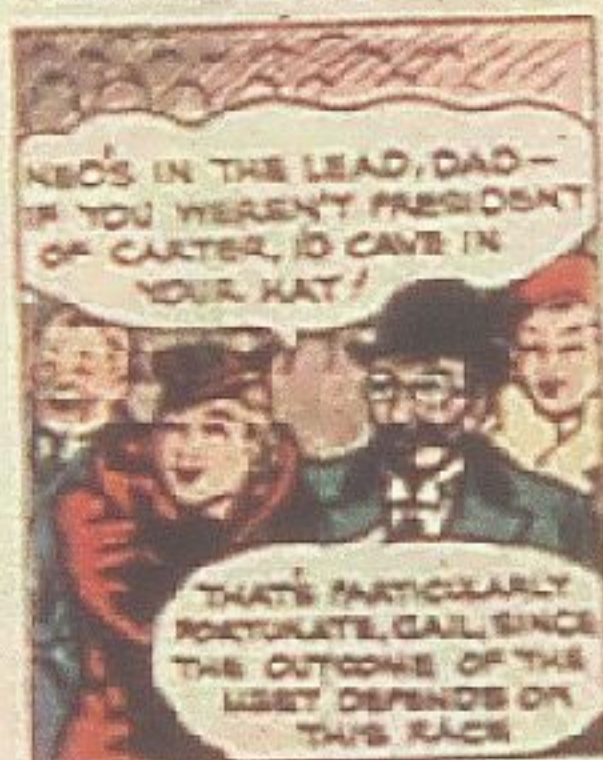
By BOB ZUPPKE





NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



Rusty Ryan of Boyville starts in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS.

Charlie Chan

What has happened -
Dr. Croft has a letter in his pocket which he shows them as follows:
The Prince's brother has been tried to death for the murder of the Duke. The doctor, who was with the patient, had given evidence that had only led to a note describing the killing of the Duke.

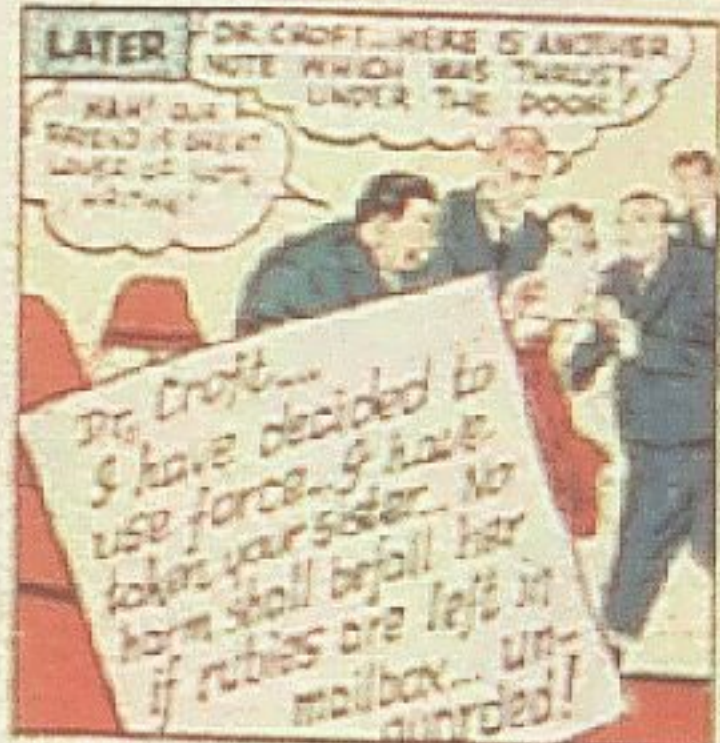


ALABUT
AND SHE
WAS!

HE SAYS HE'S
TRIED TO KILL THE PRINCE
I BOUGHT THE TEMPLE RUBIES
FROM MY BROTHER! YOU'RE
TRYING TO KILL ME TO
LIVE!



THE RUBIES ARE
IN MY POCKET. I HAVE
THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE
CONNECTION!



LATER

DR. CROFT HERE IS ANOTHER
NOTE WHICH WAS THROWN
UNDER THE DOOR.

WELL, OUR
FRIEND IS NOT
LIVING UP TO
HIS WORDS!

DR. Croft...
I have decided to
use force. I have
taken your sister. No
harm shall befall her
if rubies are left in
mailbox - un-
opened!



CLAUDIA!
CLAUDIA!

WELL, NOT
ABOUT DOING
THE OTHER SIDE
THE MOUNTAIN!

LET
ME
SEE
THE
MOUNTAIN
BATTLES!



WELL, NOT
ABOUT DOING
THE OTHER SIDE
THE MOUNTAIN!

I DON'T WANT
TO GO TO THE MOUNTAIN
WITH YOU - AND YOU
NEVER GIVE ME A WORD'S
PEACE!



WELL, I DON'T
DOLLY IN THAT CASE
IT WAS TO GET MY
WIFE ON THE
DOOR!

NO! NO ONE WOULD
WANT TO GET MY
WIFE ON THE DOOR
AND MY WIFE IS
WORTH IT!



I WANT
TO GO TO
THE MOUNTAIN
WITH YOU!

DR. CROFT, GET
WITH ALL THIS
TALKING ABOUT
HAPPENING TO
ME!

WELL, NOT
ABOUT DOING
THE OTHER SIDE
THE MOUNTAIN!



I WANT THE LETTER

DR. CROFT, GET
WITH ALL THIS
TALKING ABOUT
HAPPENING TO
ME!

WELL, NOT
ABOUT DOING
THE OTHER SIDE
THE MOUNTAIN!

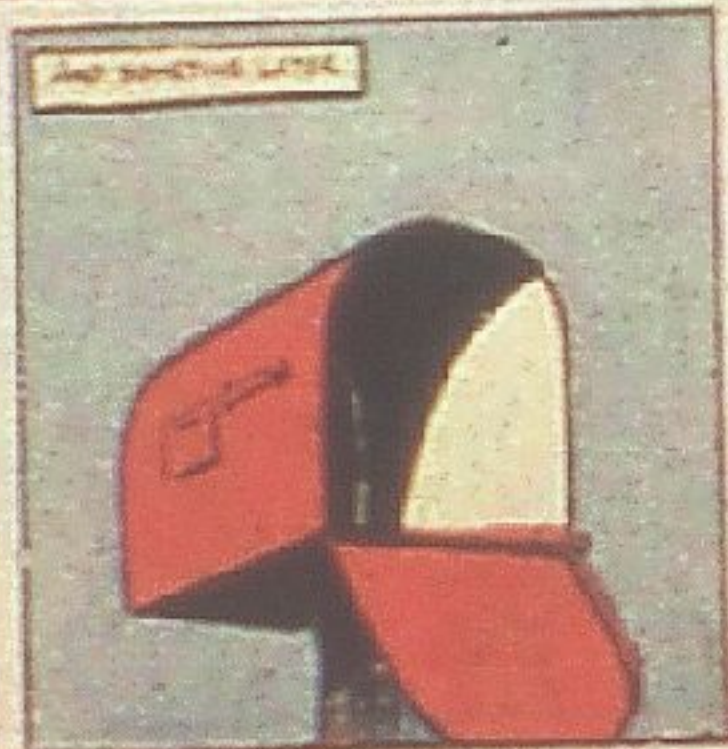
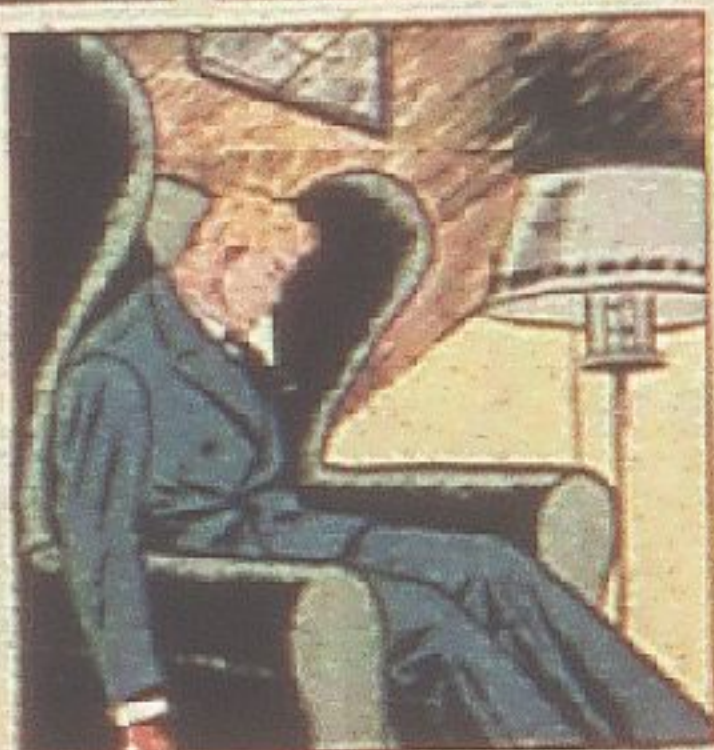
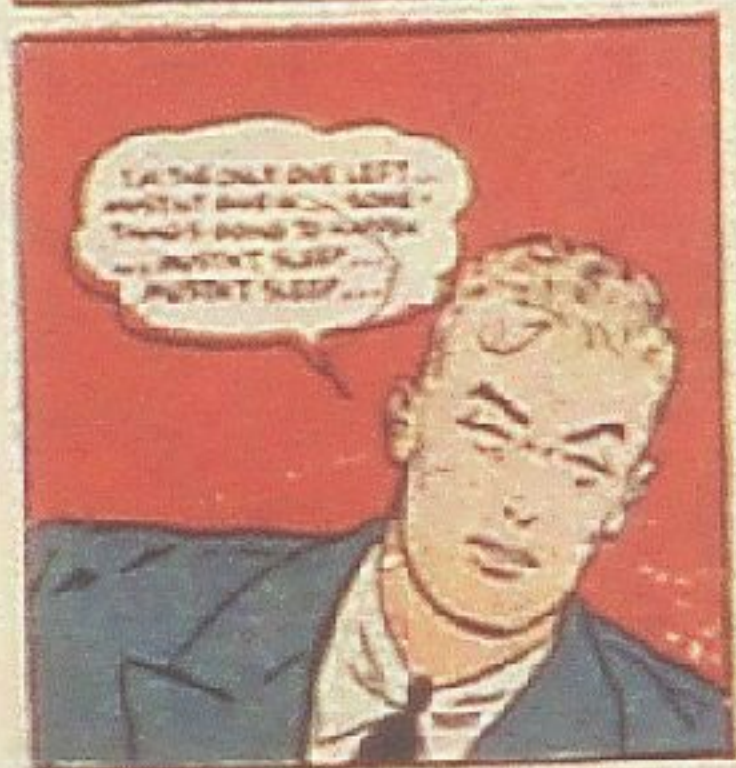


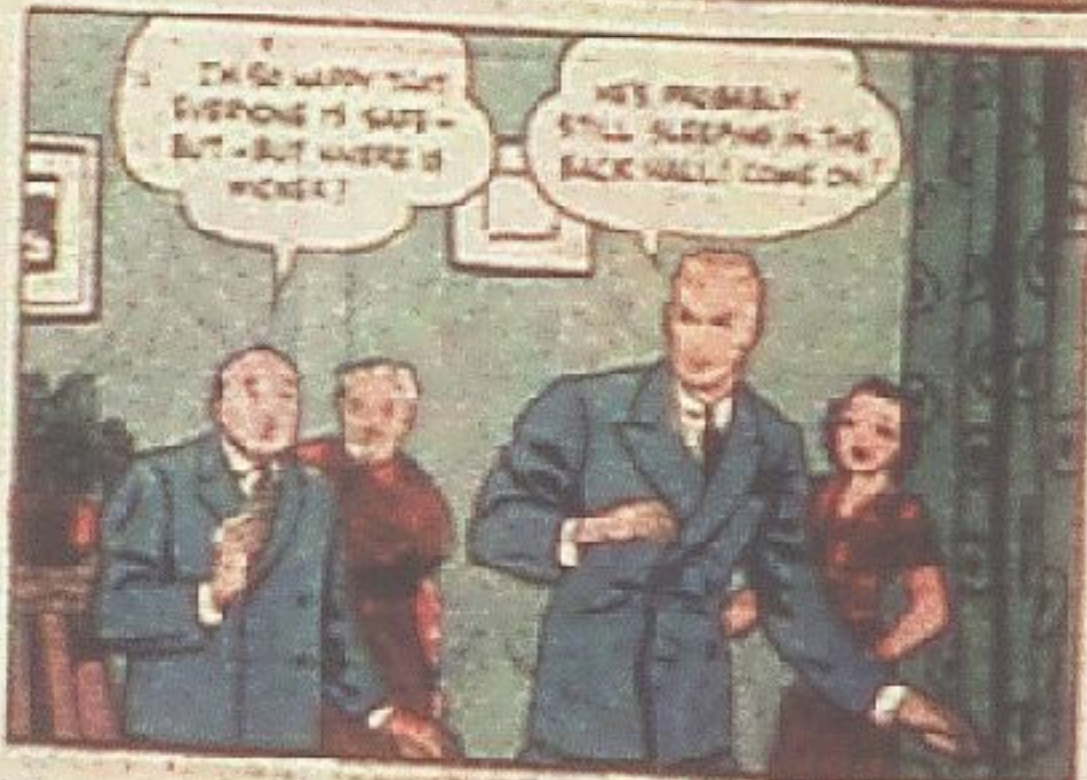
THAT'S RIGHT -
I TELL YOU!

WELL, NOT
ABOUT DOING
THE OTHER SIDE
THE MOUNTAIN!



WELL, NOT
ABOUT DOING
THE OTHER SIDE
THE MOUNTAIN!







Read The Voice in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS.

MAGIC ON THE RINK

By ROBERT E. JONES

"If you don't pick this one off, you're washed up for the Conference."

Don Lund heard Manager MacGillis voice these fatal words and knew a moment of fear. Don was captain of the Hollywood Stars, crack hockey team of the Pacific Coast League.

"You've got Len Hertzog to beat, Don," MacGillis went on pointedly. "If there's a teara this side of Jericho that's tough, it's Len's Lions. You've got a bum leg. Think you can play Thursday night?"

"It's a cinch, Mac," Don said. "Don't let these crutches throw you—they're Doc Craver's idea. I'm fit as a fiddle, and I'll be out there Thursday."

"Good." Manager MacGillis grinned as he walked away.

There it was. Don Lund, captain of the Stars, was the best hockey player the Coast had ever known. It was tough that he had to be laid up now with a charley horse in one leg—he had stopped one of Kert Bascom's deadly slices. Rather, his right leg had, and now he was hobbling about on crutches. Well, Thursday would see him on the ice. The West Coast Conference was a scalp the Stars simply had to lift!

Len Hertzog, captain of the Golden Lions, had a few ideas himself about who was to take the Conference. His manager, Jake Hartwell, had assisted materially in formulating those ideas. Either Len took the Stars or there would

be a sudden change in the Lions' captainship.

"Look, Mr. Hartwell," said Len, "we're a cinch. This Lund dope is out with a bum leg. We can't lose!"

"Okay," said Hartwell. "I'm bankin' on that. I'm layin' a wad on the game. Just see that Lund is out!"

Wednesday morning, Len made inquiries. Don was still walking on crutches. Well, a guy on stilts today wasn't going to play hockey tomorrow. But about noon that same day Len made a startling discovery. Don came limping into the Polar Palace without his crutches!

"Hi, Len," he said. "How goes it?"

"Hi, yourself," Len returned, without enthusiasm. "Thought you were laid up."

"I was. But with tomorrow's game coming up, I thought I'd better get used to cruising about without lumber."

"Yeah?" Len was taken aback. "You can't bat a puck with a bad gam."

"Ordinarily, I wouldn't try," Don grinned. "But the Conference—that's different. I'd go in with both legs amputated!"

Len masked his chagrin and disappointment with an effort.

"Well, here's to it!" he said. Good grief, he thought as he walked off, what now? With Don in the game, anything could hap-

pen. The big lug might not lend a lot of physical support to his team, but he'd certainly instill them with a world of moral support.

Len strolled down Main Street in a mental fog. Friends called greetings to him, but he hardly heard them. At Seventh Avenue, a cheery voice sang out:

"Lo, sweetie pie! What's the big cloud? You look like you missed the last boat!"

Doris Ware, who operated the Holly Beauty Shop, stopped in front of him. She was grinning. Len Hertzog liked Doris' smile.

"How can you look like that with the West Coast Conference in the bag?" Doris bantered. "Or is it in the bag?"

Doris made a face at him. "Okay, big shot," she quipped. "I've been pulling for the Lions but maybe I'll change heart and root for Don Lund!" With that, she was off like a small whirlwind.

Len considered this morosely. Yea, Doris was just the type to make an about-face. That is, she would if he lost the game. Well, he wouldn't lose! Somehow he'd pick it off . . . Hey!

An idea suddenly sprouted in Len's agile brain. He set off after Doris at a fast pace. That new gadget she had installed in her shop . . . why couldn't he utilize it for another purpose?

Len entered the beauty shop, sat down and rifled the magazines. Dames sure read funny stuff, he thought. Movie dope—true confessions—

A girl walked into the waiting room from the back booths. Her hair was done up in a strange manner. Curls all wrapped in tiny nickel tubes. A radio blatted out an insane program. That was all Len sat for another fifteen minutes, watching the girl, then he left.

At seven o'clock the next evening, Len scampered down the alley behind Doris' shop and listened at the back door. Silence. He had come prepared. In a jiffy he had pried the door open and, after a brief search, found what he wanted. Then he sprinted to the Polar Palace.

The popular skating rendezvous was packed. This was the big night of the entire season! This was the game which decided the West Coast Conference. Len skulked in the vicinity of the dressing room, chose a moment when nobody was looking, and entered.

He couldn't trust a light. Going to the skate racks, he felt over the sharp steel blades and chuckled. Then he set to work. In ten minutes he had completed his task. And a moment later he was out on the glaring rink, basking in the applause of his friends.

Both teams were on the ice, making practice shots. The applause seemed to be directed at Len Hertzog and his Lions.

Len glanced up into the front boxes and saw something that made him burn. There was Don Lund with Doris Ware! Doris waved at him—derisively he thought. Len glowered.

When the whistle sounded, Don came down and got into his shoes. The crowd went wild. They hadn't known that their hero was going to play. Don was the scintillating god of hockey!

The game started. The first period, a hotly contested foray, was all even. Len nudged his burly goalie.

"Watch," he said. "You're

goin' to see something that'll make you weep!"

The game went on, the crowd cheering madly. At the end of the second period, the score was still tied. Jimmy Walsh, one of the Stars' best players, went out of the game because of a bashed eye. Windy Bratton staggered out with a twisted leg. It looked like the Lions would roar plenty from now on. Don Lund, for all his handicap, never relaxed. He was a super player.

The middle of the last period had brought no score for either team. Don was showing signs of weakening. His strained leg was not ready for this terrific beating.

The Lions called time out, and Len, a bit perturbed that his team had not shown more spirit, left the rink and hastened up to Jerry Smith who operated the soft drink concession.

"Look, Jerry," he said, "turn on the radio. Things are getting dry down there. The crowd needs a bit of picking up."

"Sure, Len," said Jerry. "I'll get the Kelly Kids—hot swing stuff at the new Palomar."

The crowd yelled their delight as the music rippled through the

huge ice palace. The hockey game was in the last period—ten minutes left. And as yet there had been no scoring.

Len shouted instructions to his men and they hurtled into the fray. Schriber, the Lion goalie, seemed to be having trouble with his skates. He kicked, pulled, looked around wildly. Another of the Lion men stomped hard on the ice, tried to lift his foot.

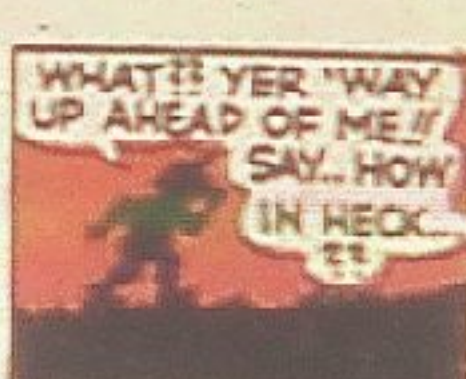
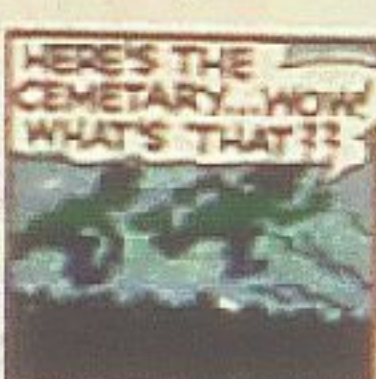
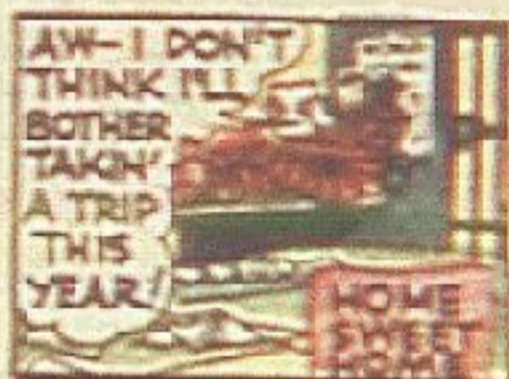
"Hey!" he yelled. "My skates are sinking—"

Len Hertzog's heart stood still. He felt his own skates sinking into the ice. Then he knew. He had made a horrible blunder. The Hollywood Stars swept in and Don Lund drove a hot shot in the Lion's net. The Conference was in the bag—the Stars' bag!

Len made a hasty exit, before his manager or the press could corner him. He was done now, he knew that. The trick he had planned was a boomerang. Those tiny electric heating units he had stolen from Doris' beauty shop, and which were heated by radio, had been his undoing. Instead of fastening them to the Hollywood Stars' skates, he had got them on his own men's skates.

The radio program had done the rest. . .

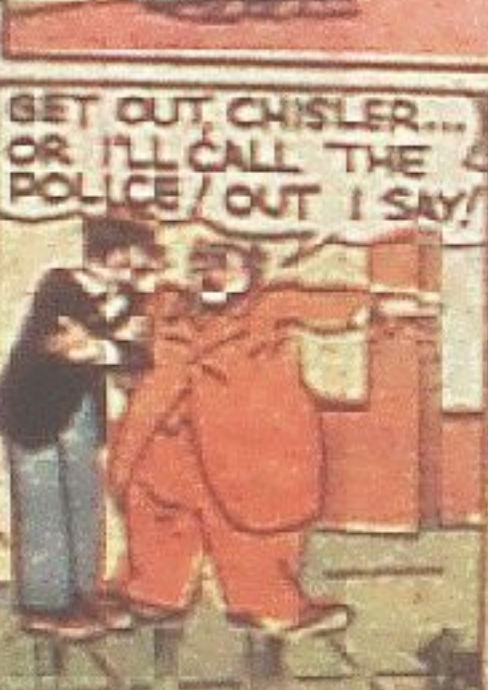


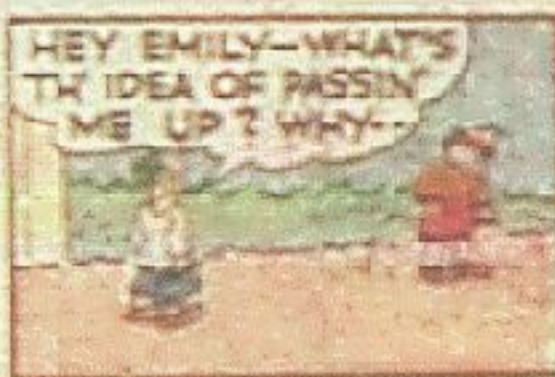


THE BUNGLE FAMILY

OPEN SEASON ON CAR SALESMEN

By H. J. TUTHILL

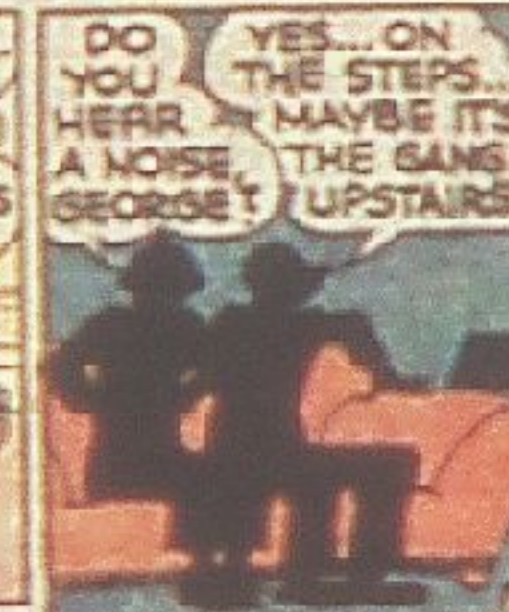




THE BUNGLE FAMILY

FRIENDS.

By H. J. TUTHILL



The May issue of FEATURE COMICS goes on sale March 27th.

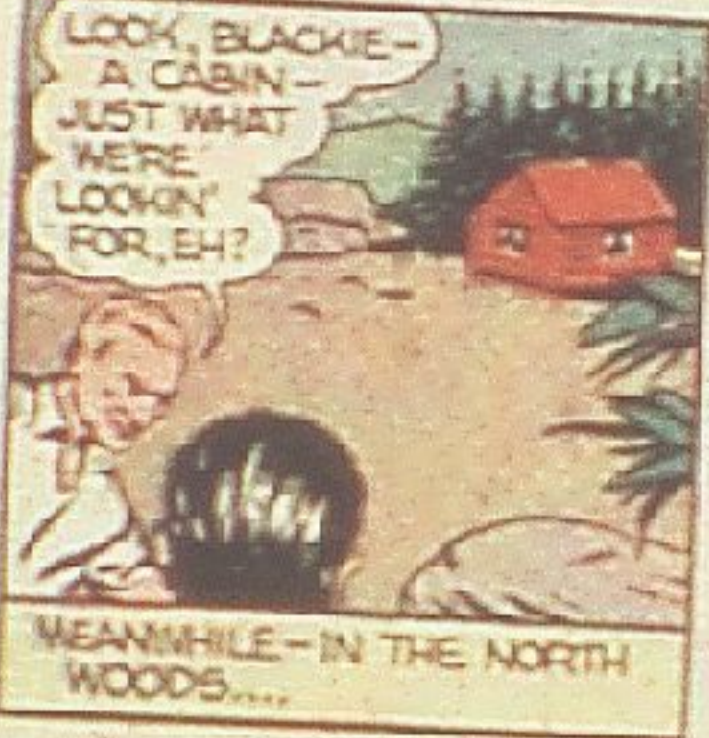
REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED



SERGEANT. TWO PRISONERS
ESCAPED THIS MORNING
AND HEADED FOR THE
NORTH WOODS - THE
ONLY WAY WE CAN
FIND THEM IS BY
PLANE - SO HOP TO
IT!!



LOOK, BLACKIE -
A CABIN -
JUST WHAT
WE'RE
LOOKIN'
FOR, EH?



MEANWHILE - IN THE NORTH
WOODS...

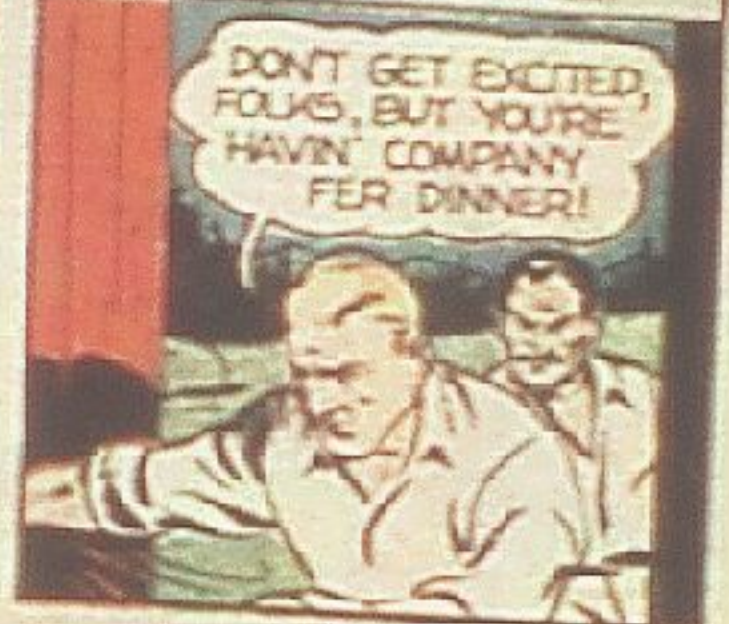
ALL
FINISHED,
MA!!



INSIDE
THE CABIN...

FINE, RED - NOW
RUN ALONG -
I'LL CALL YOU
AS SOON AS I'M
FINISHED WITH
THE WASH!!

SUDDENLY THE DOOR OF THE
CABIN IS FLUNG OPEN...



DON'T GET EXCITED,
FOLKS, BUT YOU'RE
HAVIN' COMPANY
FER DINNER!

GET OUT OF
HERE - I HAVE
NO FOOD FOR
INTRUDERS!!

THEY'VE
GOT
GUNS,
MA!!

YOU'D BETTER
GIVE US SOME
FOOD OR YU'LL
GIT HURT,
LADY!



NIKE, WE OUGHTA
STAY HERE 'TILL
THINGS BLOW OVER -
THE COPS WILL THINK
WE PUSHED DEEPER
INTO THE WOODS
BY THIS TIME!!

GREAT IDEA,
BLACKIE -
THEY'LL NEVER
GET US!!



THEY'D HAVE
TO GET FOOD
SOMEWHERE...

THERE'S ONLY
ONE CABIN I
KNOW OF IN
THESE PARTS,
SERGEANT -



- IT BELONGS TO
WIDOW BROWN
AND HER SON
RED!!

OKAY,
JIM - IT
MIGHT
HELP US!!



AT THIS MOMENT, HIGH ABOVE
THE NORTH WOODS...







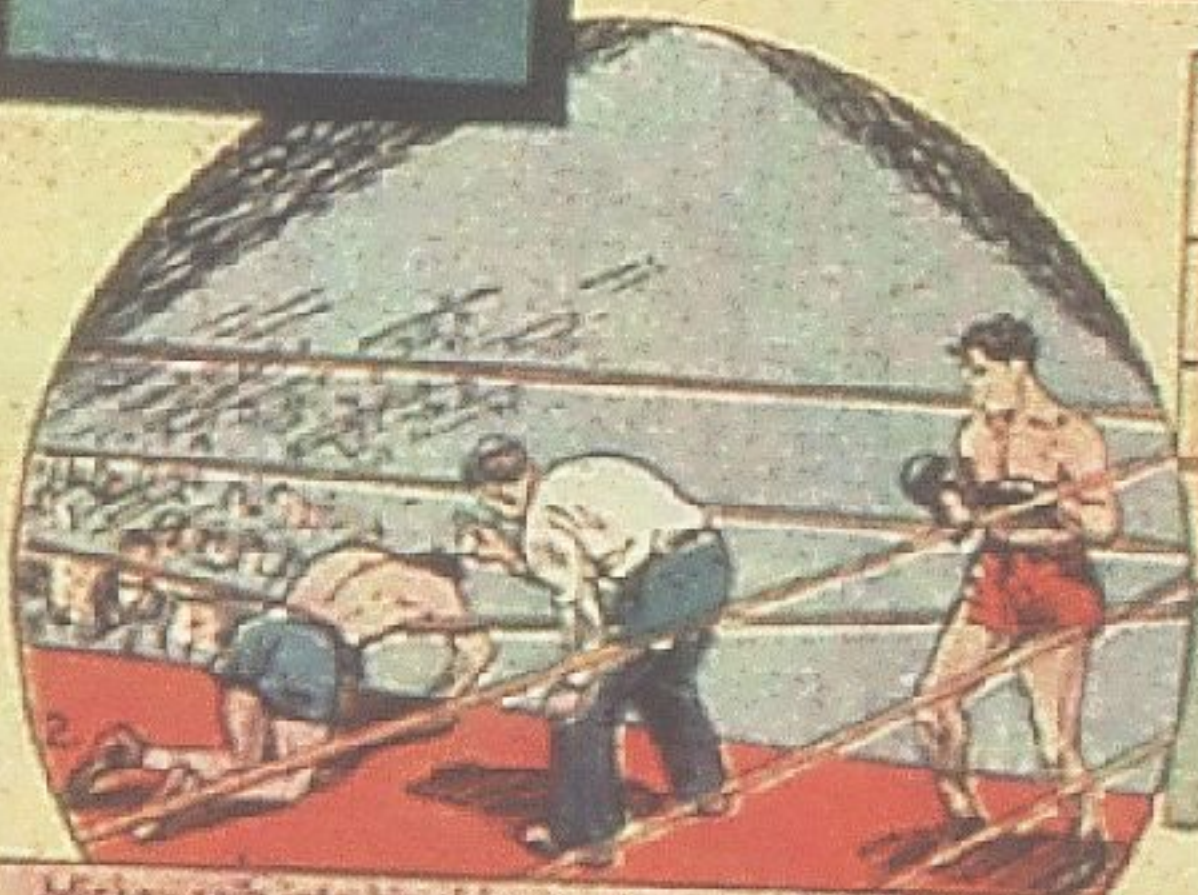
MEANWHILE, RED HAD FAILED TO RECOVER FROM THE OUTLAW'S BLOW.



THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About Mike McTigue's Grand Display of Gameness

It's the night of Nov. 1, 1927. We're in the Chicago Coliseum to watch two of the finest battlers America ever produced—Mike McTigue, former king of the light heavy-weights, and Mickey Walker, world's middle-weight champion. The two masters come out fighting...



Mickey sails into his older opponent with the savagery of punch and visage which has won him the nickname of Toy Bulldog. Down goes McTigue, draped helplessly across the lower ring ropes.



Three times the valiant brick heart of McTigue brings him to his feet and each time Walker's crashing punches send him down again. Only Mike's fighting spirit is carrying him now—and the first round not over yet...



McTigue is on his feet but he cannot protect himself. Walker is hitting him at will. See that! Walker throws a fusillade of crushing smashes to McTigue's face... Blood spurts—it's flying through the air of the ring... It's the end—Mike's knees buckle, and he's out.

Fans never forget that remarkable exhibition of courage by Mike McTigue, one of the gamest fighters who ever climbed through the ropes. Here is his battle-scarred visage, folks. Hats off to courage!



RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

BRAIN DERBY
FULL DRESS TEST
WHY DOES A WAITER'S
TUXEDO FIT BETTER
THAN HIS BOSS'S?
WHY DO FOLKS GET
MARRIED AND BURIED
IN THE SAME SUIT?
CAN ANY CAN-OPENER OPEN
A FULL DRESS SUIT?



IF LADIES
CAN BE COOL
WHY CAN'T MEN?

OUR LATEST INVENTION
OR HOW TO QUIET A
BARBER AS HE WORKS...

BARBER'S TALK ANNOYS LOKE
WOLF 'A' WHO GOES THROUGH
REVOLVING DOOR FOR PEACE---
GOSWHEEL 'C' TURNS--HAND 'D'
UNSCREWS TOP OF PEANUT
BRITTLE JAR 'E'---CANDY NOW
DROPS ON SLANTING BOARD 'F'
--ANTHILL 'G' SENDS ANTS
DOWN STEPS 'H'--THEY EAT THE
BRITTLE--FALL INTO BARBER'S
COLLAR AND HE FORGETS HIS TALK

IT LOOKS
LIKE RAIN--BUT
YOU NEVER CAN
TELL---



LITTLE BUTCH



LOOK, DEAR---
I'VE BAKED ALL
THESE BISCUITS
--AND THEY'RE
FOR YOU!



NIBBLY



I'M SURE
THAT
BELL
RANG---
THANKS
I'LL!



HOW
NICE!
YOU
ATE
THEM
ALL!
NIBBLY
THAT'S
ME!!



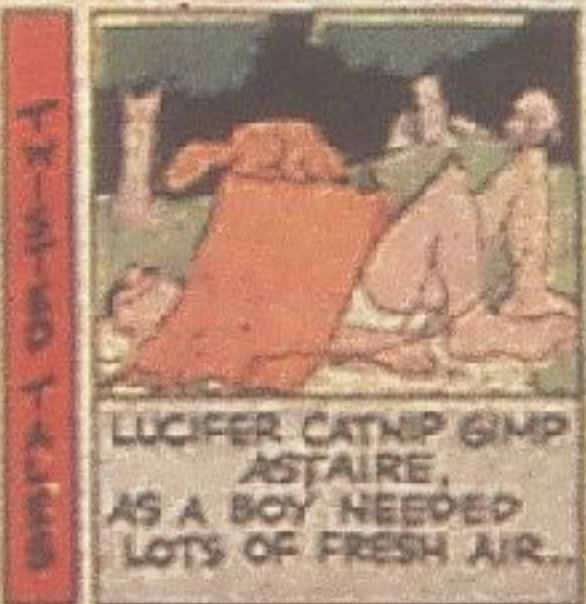
YEAH--JOE PUTS A MIDSET IN
HIS DRUM TO BEAT IT AND
SAVE HIM THE TROUBLE!



FOLKS
HERE'S
THE
LEANING
TOWER OF
PISA

BUT WHAT
MAKES IT
LEAN?

BLAME
IT ON
WILBUR



LUCIFER CATNIP GIMP
ASTAIRE,
AS A BOY NEEDED
LOTS OF FRESH AIR...



WHILE A LAD NAMED
GODFREY DE GOUT,
HATED THE COLD
SO NEVER WENT OUT...



BUT NOW IF YOU SAW
ASTAIRE YOU'D HOWL,
FOR THE AIR WHERE
HE TOILS, IS VERY FOUL

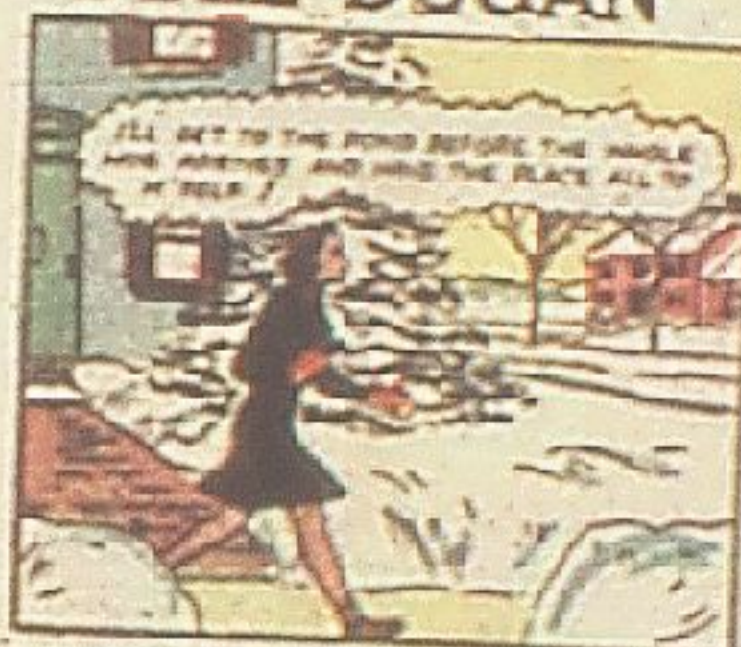


WHILE DE GOUT IS A COP,
IN THE NORTH I'M TOLD
AND MOST OF THE TIME
HE'S STIFF WITH COLD!



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

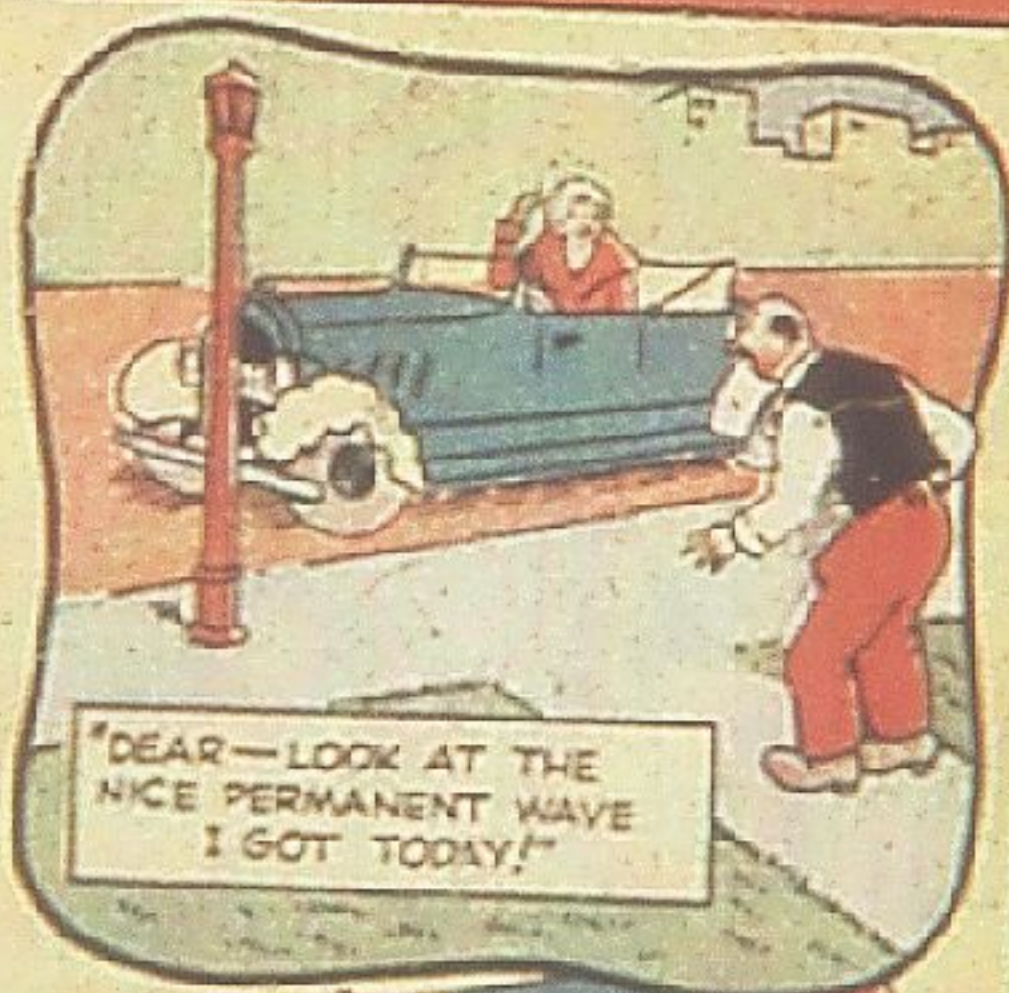
By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL



Order your copy of the May issue of FEATURE COMICS now—on sale March 27th.

OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED,*

"BOY!!
I'LL
DUCK
THESE
PR' SON
HOUNDS
AT LAST!"



"DEAR—LOOK AT THE
NICE PERMANENT WAVE
I GOT TODAY!"



"NO, LADY— I'M ONE GUY WHO
DOESN'T WANT YOUR PHONE NUMBER
TO MAKE A DATE!"



"WELL, IF
YOU'RE
DRINKIN'
MY
MILK, I
GUESS I'LL
HAFTA
LIVE ON
YOUR
RATS!"



"WHAT'S THAT
SILLY MAN DOING,
— OLIVER...
SOME SORT
OF A
NATIVE
DANCE?"

"OH, DON'T BEG FOR A
MEASLY DIME, MISTER...
YOUR PALM SAYS YOU'RE
GOING TO GET MILLIONS!"



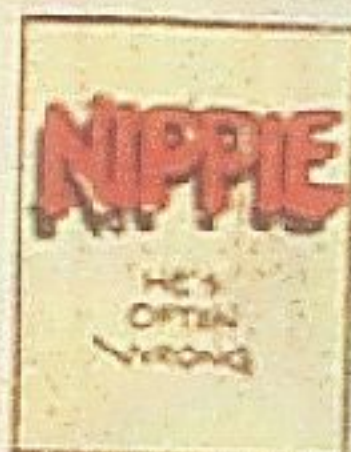
NIPPIE



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

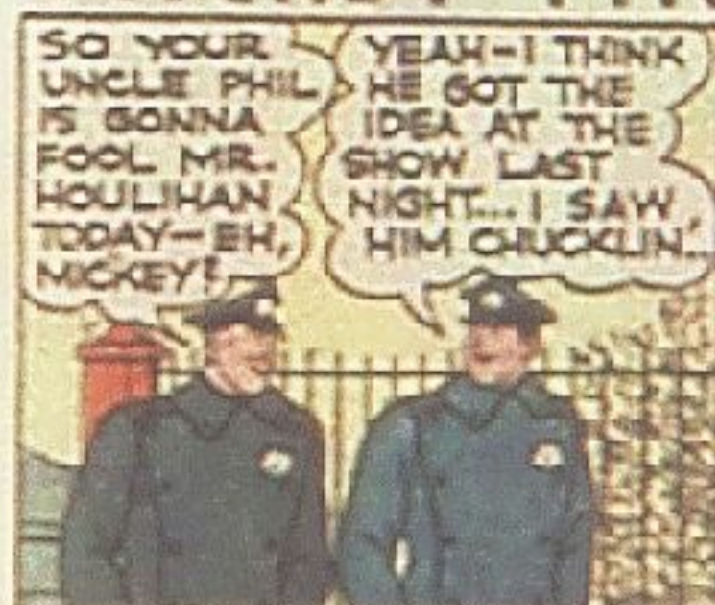
By LANK LEONARD

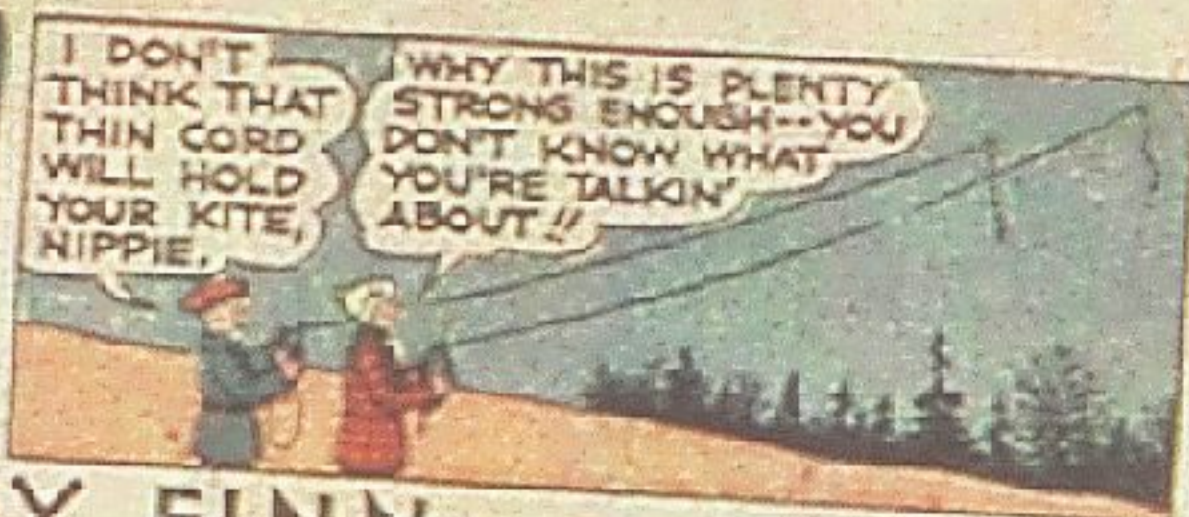




MICKEY FINN

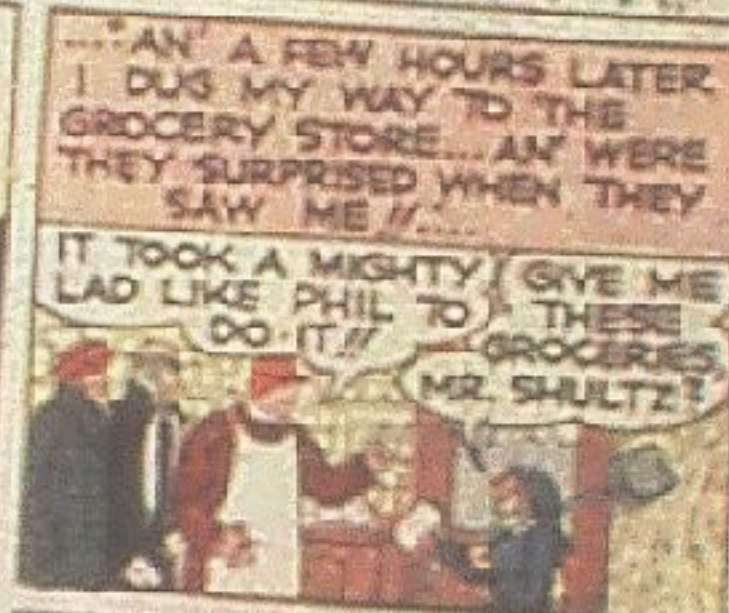
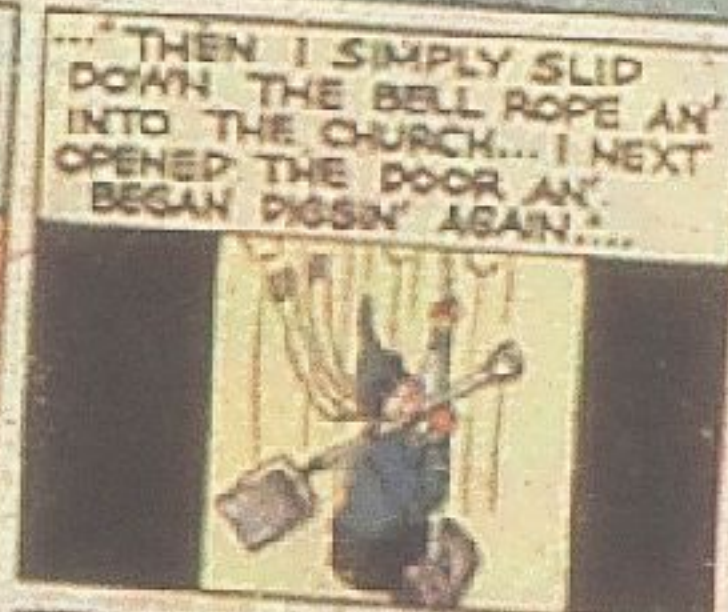
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



More of Micky Finn and Uncle Phil in the May issue--on sale March 27th.

If you like fast moving adventure picture stories with plenty of slam-bang action, don't miss the May issue of

FEATURE

COMICS

THE VOICE—ZERO, THE GHOST DETECTIVE—SAMAR—"POISON" IVY—RUSTY RYAN and BRUCE BLACKBURN, COUNTERSPY, all start in this issue. And heading this parade of sensational features is a 9-page episode of THE DOLLMAN which is rapidly becoming America's greatest comic character.

Order your copy of the May issue of
FEATURE COMICS now—on sale
March 27th.

HOW A BRAND-NEW BIKE CAME TO "NEWSY" MIKE

A KID WHO WAS NAMED MICHAEL NADERS,
RODE HIS BIKE WHEN DELIVERING PAPERS.
WHEN HE WANTED TO STOP,
HE WOULD FREQUENTLY FLOP—
THOUGH HE HAD A FEW OTHER CHOICE CAPERS!



MIKE'S BIKE REALLY RATED A PENSION,
SINCE IT HADN'T A BRAKE FIT TO MENTION.
BUT HIS FOOT ON THE WHEEL,
WITH A SCRAPE AND A SQUEAL,
MADE HIM STOP—LIKE A ROCKET ASCENSION!



CAN YOU BLAME US GROWN-UPS WHO GOT NERVOUS,
AT MIKE'S MOST ASTONISHING SERVICE?
WHY, OUR TREES, AND OUR POSTS,
WOULD STOP MOST OF HIS COASTS,
WITH CRASHES THAT GREATLY UN-NERVED US!



MIKE'S DAD, WHEN HE HEARD OF THIS RUCTION,
PHONED THE BIKE-STORE THIS RED-HOT INSTRUCTION:
"RUSH OUT A NEW BIKE —
"ANY GOOD MAKE YOU LIKE —
"ONLY, HURRY, BEFORE MIKE'S DESTRUCTION!



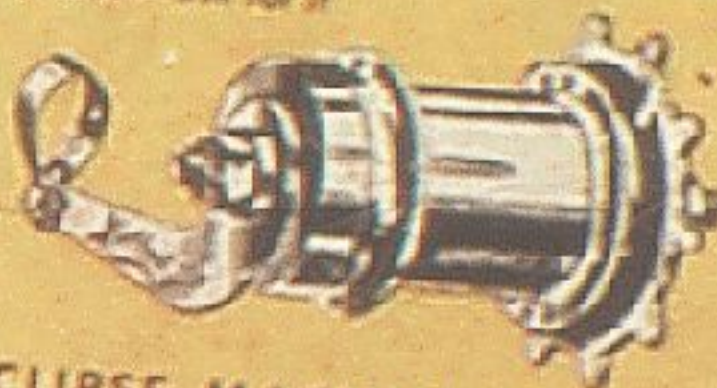
"AND MAKE SURE THAT ITS BRAKE IS A MORROW,
"OR I'LL SEND IT RIGHT BACK, TO YOUR SORROW!
"THE MORROW'S BROUGHT JOY,
"SINCE WHEN I WAS A BOY —
"BEST BRAKE YOU CAN BUY, BEG, OR BORROW!"



Famous for over 40 years! Quick stopping, easy pedaling,
long coasting: more ball bearings 31 than any other
brake. Made by Bendix, the world's foremost builder of
automobile brakes. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a

MORROW Coaster Brake

on any bike—ask for it



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